

# THE RURAL MAGAZINE:

O R,  
VERMONT REPOSITORY,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1796.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER IX.

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*Mr. AMES's Speech.*

[Concluded from page 373.]

I SEE no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases, in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is the philosophy of politics, the religion of governments. It is observed by barbarians—a whiff of tobacco's smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity to treaties. Even in Algiers a truce may be bought for money, but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise or too just to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together, and form a society, they would, however loth, soon find them themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

VOL. II.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous to make even the supposition that America should furnish the occasion of opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine that a government, sprung as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose original right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless—can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces, the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No, let me rather make the supposition that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty, after we have done every thing to carry into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel shame would stick to him; he would disown his country. You would exclaim, England proud of your wealth, and arrogant in the possession of power: blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonour. Such a nation might truly say to corruption,—Thou art

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my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

I can scarcely persuade myself to believe that the consideration I have suggested requires the aid of any auxiliary. But, unfortunately, auxiliary arguments are at hand. Five millions of dollars, and probably more, on the score of spoliation committed on our commerce, depend upon the treaty. The treaty offers the only prospect of indemnity. Such redress is promised, as the merchants place some confidence in. Will you interpose and frustrate that hope? Leaving to many families nothing but beggary and despair. It is a smooth proceeding to take a vote in this body—it takes less than half an hour to call the yeas and nays and reject the treaty.—But what is the effect of it? What, but this; the very men, formerly so loud for redress, such fierce champions, that even to ask for justice was too mean, and too slow, now turn their capricious fury upon the sufferers—and say, by their vote, to them and their families, No longer eat bread; petitioners go home and starve, we cannot satisfy your wrongs, and our resentments.

Will you pay the sufferers out of the treasury? No. The answer was given two years ago, and appears on our journals. Will you give them letters of marque and reprisal to pay themselves by force? No. That is war. Besides, it would be an opportunity for those who have already lost much to lose more. Will you go to war to avenge their injury. If you do, the war will leave you no money to indemnify them. If it should be unsuccessful, you will aggravate

existing evils.—If successful, your enemy will have no treasure left to give our merchants, the first losses will be confounded with much greater, and be forgotten. At the end of the war there must be a negotiation, which is the very point we have already gained, and why relinquish it? And who will be confident that the terms of the negotiation, after a desolating war, would be more acceptable to another house of representatives than the treaty before us? Members and opinions may be so changed, that the treaty would then be rejected for being what the present majority say it should be. Whether we shall go on making treaties and refusing to execute them I know not. Of this I am certain, it will be very difficult to exercise the treaty making power on the new principles with much reputation or advantage to the country.

The refusal of the posts (inevitable if we reject the treaty) is a measure too decisive in its nature to be neutral in its consequences. From great causes we are to look for great effects. A plain and obvious one will be, the price of the western lands will fall. Settlers will not choose to fix their habitation on a field of battle. Those who talk so much of the interest of the United States, should calculate how deeply it will be affected by rejecting the treaty; how vast a tract of wild land will almost cease to be property. This loss, let it be observed, will fall upon a fund expressly devoted to sink the national debt. What then are we called upon to do? However the form of the vote and the protestations of many may disguise the proceeding, our resolution is in substance, and it deserves to wear the title of a resolution to prevent the

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the sale of the western lands and the discharge of the public debt.

Will the tendency to Indian hostilities be contested by any one? Experience gives the answer. The frontiers were scourged with war till the negotiation with Great Britain was far advanced, and then the state of hostility ceased. Perhaps the public agents of both nations are innocent of fomenting the Indian war, and perhaps they are not. We ought not, however, to expect that neighbouring nations, highly irritated against each other, will neglect the friendship of the savages, the traders will gain an influence and will abuse it—and who is ignorant that their passions are easily raised, and hardly restrained from violence? Their situation will oblige them to choose between this country and Great Britain, in case the treaty should be rejected. They will not be our friends and at the same time the friends of our enemies.

But am I reduced to the necessity of proving this point? Certainly the very men who charged the Indian war on the detention of the posts, will call for no other proof than the recital of their own speeches. It is remembered with what emphasis, with what acrimony, they expatiated on the burden of taxes, and the drain of blood and treasure into the western country, in consequence of Britain's holding the posts. Until the posts are restored, they exclaimed, the treasury and the frontiers must bleed.

If any, against all these proofs should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From argu-

ments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace but a sword: it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable: If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it would reach every log house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants. wake from your false security. Your cruel danger, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed: the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again. In the day time your path through the woods will be ambushed. The darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn fields.—You are a mother—the war whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language compared with which all I have said or can say, will be poor and frigid.

Will it be whispered that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of our frontiers? It is well known that

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my voice as well as vote have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that, all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans unresponsible? Have the principles on which you ground the reproach upon the cabinets of kings no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declarations, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that state house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask, can you put the dearest interest of society at risk without guilt, and without remorse?

It is vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for evils that may happen to ensue from their measures.

This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen; they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote. We choose the consequences, and, become as justly answerable for them as for the measure we know will produce them.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the vic-

tims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable—and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject the treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

It is not the part of prudence to be inattentive to the tendencies of measures. Where there is any ground to fear that these will be pernicious, wisdom and duty forbid that we should underrate them. If we reject the treaty, will our peace be as safe as if we execute it with good faith? I do honour to the intrepid spirit of those who say it will. It was formerly understood to constitute the excellence of a man's faith to believe without evidence and against it.

But as opinions on this article are



are changed, and we are called to act for our country; it becomes us to explore the dangers that will attend its peace, and to avoid them if we can.

Few of us here, fewer in proportion of our constituents, will doubt that, by rejecting, all those dangers will be aggravated.

The idea of war is treated as a bugbear. This levity is at least unseasonable, and most of all unbecoming some who resort to it.

Who has forgotten the philippics of 1794? The cry then was reparation—no envoy—no treaty—no tedious delays. Now it seems the passion subsides, or at least the hurry to satisfy it. Great Britain say they, will not wage war upon us.

In 1794, it was urged by those who now now say, no war, that if we built frigates, or resisted the piracies of Algiers, we could not expect peace. Now they give excellent comfort truly. Great Britain has seized our vessels and cargoes to the amount of millions—she holds the posts—she interrupts our trade, say they, as a neutral nation, these gentlemen, formerly so fierce for redress, assure us, in terms of the sweetest consolation, Great Britain will bear all this patiently. But let me ask the late champions of our rights, will our nation hear it? Let others exult because the aggressor will let our wrongs sleep forever. Will it add, it is my duty to ask, to the patience and quiet of our citizens to see their rights abandoned? Will not the disappointment of their hopes, so long patronised by the government, now in the crisis of their being realized, convert all their passions into fury and despair.

Are the posts to remain forever in the possession of Great Britain?

Let those who reject them, when the treaty offers them to our hands say, if they choose, they are of no importance. If they are, will they take them by force? The argument I am urging would then come to a point. To use force, is war. To talk of treaty again, is too absurd. Posts and redress must come from voluntary good will, treaty or war.

The conclusion is plain, if the state of peace shall continue; so will the British possession of the posts.

Look again at this state of things—On the sea coast, vast losses uncompensated—on the frontier, Indian war, actual encroachment on our territory. Every where discontent; resentments tenfold more fierce because they will be impotent and humbled. National discord and abasement.

The disputes of the old treaty of 1783, being left to rankle, will revive the almost extinguished animosities of that period. Wars in countries, and most of all in such as are free, arise from the impetuosity of the public feelings. The despotism of Turkey is often obliged by clamour to unsheath the sword. War might perhaps be delayed, but could not be prevented. The causes of it would remain, would be aggravated, would be multiplied, and soon become intolerable. More captures, more impressments would swell the list of our wrongs, and the current of our rage. I make no calculation of the arts of those whose employment it has been, on former occasions, to fan the fire. I say nothing of the foreign money and emissaries that might foment the spirit of hostility, because the state of things will naturally run to violence. With less than their former

mer exertion, they would be successful.

Will our government be able to temper and restrain the turbulence of such a crisis? The government, alas, will be in no capacity to govern. A divided people—and divided councils. Shall we cherish the spirit of peace or shew the energies of war? Shall we make our adversary afraid of our strength, or dispose him, by measures of resentment or broken faith, to respect our rights? Do gentlemen rely on the state of peace because both nations will be worse disposed to keep it? Because injuries and insults, still harder to endure, will be mutually offered.

Such a state of things will exist, if we should long avoid war, as will be worse than war. Peace without security, accumulation of injury without redress, or the hope of it, resentment against the aggressor, contempt for ourselves, intestine discord, and anarchy. Worse than this need not be apprehended, for if worse could happen, anarchy would bring it. Is this the peace gentlemen undertake, with such fearless confidence to maintain? Is this the station of American dignity which the high spirited champions of our national Independence and honour could endure; nay, which they are anxious and almost violent to seize for the country? What is there in the treaty that could humble us so low? are the men to swallow their resentments, who so lately were choking with them? If, in the case contemplated by them, it should be peace, I do not hesitate to declare, it ought not to be peace.

Is there any thing in the prospect of the interior state of our country to encourage us to aggra-

vate the dangers of war? Would not the shock of that evil produce another, and shake down the feeble and then unbraced structure of our government? Is this a chimera? Is it going off the ground of matter of fact to say the rejection of the appropriation proceeds upon the doctrine of a civil war of the departments? Two branches have ratified a treaty, and we are going to set it aside. How is this disorder in the machine to be rectified? While it exists, its movements must stop, and when we talk of a remedy, is that any other than the formidable one of a revolutionary interposition of the people? And is this, in the judgment even of my opposers, to execute, to preserve the constitution, and the public order? Is this the state of hazard, if not of convulsion, which they can have the courage to contemplate and to brave, or beyond which their penetration can reach and see the issue? They seem to believe, and they act as if they believed, that our union, our peace, our liberty are invulnerable and immortal, as if our happy state was not to be disturbed by our dissension, and that we are not capable of falling from it by our unworthiness. Some of them no doubt have better nerves and better discernment than mine. They can see the bright aspects and happy consequences of all this array of horrors. They can see intestine discords, our government disorganized, our wrongs aggravated, multiplied, and unredressed, peace with dishonour, or war without justice, union or resources in "the calm lights of mild philosophy."

But whatever they may anticipate as the next measure of prudence and safety, they have explained



plained nothing to the house. After rejecting the treaty, what is to be the next step? They must have foreseen what ought to be done, they have doubtless resolved what to propose. Why then are they silent? Dare they not avow their plan of conduct, or do they wait till our progress towards confusion shall guide them in forming it.

Let me cheer the mind, weary no doubt, and ready to despond on this prospect, by presenting another which it is yet in our power to realize. Is it possible for a real American to look at the prosperity of this country, without some desire for its continuance, without some respect for the measures which, many will say produced, and all will confess have preserved it? Will he not feel some dread that a change of system will reverse the scene? The well grounded fears of our citizens in 1794, were removed by the treaty, but are not forgotten. Then they deemed war nearly inevitable, and would not this adjustment have been considered at that day as an happy escape from the calamity? The great interest and the general desire of our people was to enjoy the advantages of neutrality. This instrument, however misrepresented, affords America that inestimable security. The causes of our disputes are either cut up by the roots, or referred to a new negotiation, after the end of the European war. This was gaining every thing because it confirmed our neutrality, by which our citizens are gaining every thing. This alone would justify the engagements of our government. For when the fiery vapours of the war lowered in the skirts of our horizon, all our wishes were concentrated in this, that we might escape the desola-

tion of the storm. This treaty, like a rainbow on the edge of the cloud, marked to our eyes the space where it was raging, and afforded at the same time, the sure prognostic of fair weather. If we reject it, the vivid colours will grow pale, it will be a baleful meteor portending tempest and war.

Let us not hesitate then to agree to the appropriations to carry it into faithful execution. Thus we shall save the faith of our nation, secure its peace, and diffuse the spirit of confidence and enterprize that will augment its prosperity. The progress of wealth and improvement is wonderful, and some will think, too rapid. The field for exertion is fruitful and vast, if peace and good government should be preserved, the acquisitions of our citizens are not so pleasing as the proof of their industry, as the instruments of their future success. The rewards of exertion go to augment its power. Profit is every hour becoming capital. The vast crop of our neutrality is all seed wheat, and is sown again to swell almost beyond calculation, the future harvest of prosperity. And in this progress, what seems to be fiction, is found to fall short of experience.

I rose to speak under impressions that I would have resisted if I could. Those who see me will believe that the reduced state of my health has unfitted me, almost equally, for much exertion of body or mind. Unprepared for debate by careful reflection in my retirement, or by long attention here, I thought the resolution I had taken to sit silent was imposed by necessity, and would cost me no effort to maintain. With a mind thus vacant of ideas, and sinking, as I really am, under a sense of weakness,

weakness, I imagined the very desire of speaking was extinguished by the persuasion that I had nothing to say. Yet when I come to the moment of deciding the vote, I start back with dread from edge of the pit into which we are plunging. In my view, even the minutes I have spent in expostulation have their value, because they protract the crisis, and the short period in which alone we may resolve to escape it.

I have thus been led by my feelings to speak more at length than I had intended. Yet I have perhaps as little personal interest in the event as any one here. There is, I believe, no member who will not think his chance to be a witness of the consequences greater than mine. If, however, the vote pass to reject, and a spirit should rise, as it will, with the public disorders, to make confusion worse confounded, even I, slender and almost broken as my hold upon life is, may outlive the government and constitution of my country.



*A comparison between the Turkish and the English manners.*

**T**HE Turks seem to contrast us in almost the whole of their manners. With us it has always been honourable to be espoused to one woman; they marry several wives. We reckon our clothes the more commodious for being short; they wear theirs down to their heels. We esteem long hair and a smooth face, ornaments to the countenance; they shave their heads and let their beards grow. We write in a straight line from

left to right; they in a crooked one from right to left. They have no household furniture, such as beds, tables, chairs, lookingglasses, or pictures: the bare walls, with a plafend or ceiling, and a sofa, are all the riches or ornaments in their rooms. The rich, indeed, paint their ceilings and walls in the more scoc taste, and their sofas are two feet high, and reach from the one end of the room to the other, under the windows, and are ten feet broad, covered with Turkey or Persian tapestry; beside these there are mats laid along the other sides of the room, five or six feet broad, covered with cloth, or velvet, and over these are laid large cushions stuffed with hair or wool. These cushions, in the houses of the grandees, are curiously embroidered, or covered with a rich cloth of gold. Loitering in sloth and idleness, cross legged like so many tailors, the Turk wastes almost his whole time lolling upon these cushions or sofas, smoking tobacco and drinking coffee or sherbert, without either diversion or amusement, but playing with shells, or at trick track, or the goose.

They pray five times a day; at day break, noon, three o'clock, six o'clock, and an hour after the close of the evening. On Friday, being their sabbath, they assemble for public worship, when the Iman, or priest, lays prayers, and delivers a kind of sermon, or exhortation to his hearers; but none of their women are suffered to appear at their public devotions.

They keep lent, which lasts thirty days, and they are obliged to fast every day from morning till night, during that time being permitted neither to eat, drink, or  
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smoke tobacco. Lent ends with the moon, and every body is so impatient to see the new deliverer that is to release them from their loathed abstinence, that they run to the tops of their houses, and even of mountains, to see its rise. And as soon as it peeps in the horizon, they salute it with several reverential bows; their castles also proclaim the welcome news, by repeated discharges of their great guns. The three succeeding days are spent in mirth and jollity. They are allowed at no time to eat hog's flesh, or drink wine. They are so entirely absorbed in their faith of predestination, that they use no precautions in the time of the plague; and are offended at Christians for taking care of their health, on such occasions, by shunning the houses where the infection is, asserting, they ought not to forsake dying, or dead men.

The plague, which sweeps away such vast quantities of the inhabitants, seems in some degree necessary to the preservation of the country, as they are increased one fifth part of their number yearly, which is easily accounted for, when it is considered that every man is allowed to marry four wives and keep several concubines. Besides, there are fifty thousand slaves brought into Turkey every year; so that the country would soon be overstocked with inhabitants, and the people in danger of starving, if their numbers were not curtailed by this dreadful malady. Yet, notwithstanding the terrible havoc made by the pestilence, the land is still full of people.

Their manners and customs, as was observed before, are opposite to ours in almost every respect. They are so far from studying to

improve their understanding, that they in a manner glory in their ignorance; and their ambition is so small, that they never attempt any thing that has not some sordid interested view for its object; living for the most part a recluse and lazy life, scarce ever looking beyond the sphere of their own families; and provided their wives are handsome, their horses well curried, and their servants submissive and respectful, they have not the smallest curiosity about the rest of the world. Contented with their lot, they set whole days upon a sofa, without any other occupation than drinking coffee, smoking, or caressing their wives; so their whole life is a continual revolution of eating, drinking, and sleeping, intermixed with some dull recreations; yet they cannot be accused of luxury in eating, for a fowl boiled with rice, coriander seed, and sugar, is the best dish that is served up to them: that, with a dish of fish and a desert of sweetmeats makes their meal.

When the hour of dinner comes, a servant brings an octangular table of wallnuttree, inlaid with ivory, not above a foot and an half in diameter, which he places on the sofa; and having laid the cloth, he serves up the dishes one after another; another servant spreads a napkin on his master's knees, and stands behind him to carve and help him to what he chooses; for it is beneath the grandeur of a Turk to do any thing himself.

They never drink at meals, tho' they are in no hurry in dispatching them; but as soon as the table is removed a servant brings a cup of sherbert, and then the coffee and tobacco, with which his master beguiles the rest of the day

At night a mat, sheets, and coverlid are brought; and they sleep at the same place where they eat, drink, smoked, played, and loitered all the day. This is their constant course of life, after they cease to be youths; for from the age of fifteen to twenty they learn the use of arms; the art of riding, the bow, throwing the dart, and other exercises of that nature. And indeed, they are excellent horsemen, notwithstanding their high saddle and short stirrups; for they rule their horses with great dexterity without whip or spur; instead of which they use a baton three feet long, holding it up by the middle, and striking with the ends as they find it necessary to direct the horse's motion.

Their horses are very swift, and stretch themselves so far in running that their bellies seem to touch the ground. The Turks throw the dart so admirably well on horseback that they hit the mark at full speed, very seldom missing their aim; and what is more surprising, they will throw their paroon as far before them as they can; and following at full speed catch it on the ground as the horse passes, without giving him the least check.

The men's dress consists in long and wide breeches, reaching to their ankles, with leathern stockings fastened to the lower part of them, and is called a chacksin, and short boots of red leather; a shirt of very fine cotton cloth, made exactly like a woman's smock, only wider, especially at the sleeves, which are open; over this they wear a cafetan, which is a kind of long cassock, with narrow sleeves buttoned at the wrist. The summer cafetan is of white cotton cloth; and in winter of silk,

quilted with cotton; it is girt about the waist with a silken scarf, in which they fasten their poniard; the handle of which is made of silver or ivory, enriched with jewels: they never appear with a sabre, unless they go into the country: the upper garment is a cloth gown, which they call a vest; in summer it is lined with tafety, and in winter with costly furs. These, with the turban, complete the dress of the man.

The habit of the women is not much different, and that consists in being a great deal richer. They wear a cafetan of gold brocade fastened before with large pearls, or a small knot of diamonds. It covers their shoulders entirely, but is so low before at the top, that their breast would remain naked if it was not covered with their smock, and a little waistcoat they wear over it. This waistcoat fits very close to the body, and keeps up the breasts. Above the cafetan they wear a leathern girdle, covered with plates and studs of gold and silver. Their smock is of the finest silk, and hangs over their chacksin, which in summer is made of the same silk, as most agreeable in the excessive heat. Their upper vest is either of fine cloth or velvet embroidered, or cloth of gold.

Their head dress is very elegant and becoming. The tapo is a large high velvet cap, somewhat resembling a close crown, is made to fit neat round the head, and widens upwards. It is adorned with the richest embroidery of gold, silver, and pearls, and is so high, that it would fall back on the shoulders, were it not artificially supported above the head, where they plait and fold it with much art. It is also enriched with long strings of pearls, curiously inter-

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woven and strewed with diamonds, rubies, and all sorts of jewels; it is fastened to the head with a frontlet two fingers broad, and so rich that it may compare with a diadem. Round the front there are little gold chains, with a diamond hanging at the end of one, an emerald at another, and so on, which tangle upon the forehead, and on both sides of the face.

Their hair is braided in a long tress, four fingers broad, hanging down an incredible length; in some even to the heel. They wear a little curl on each side of the forehead, which hangs in a ringlet down the side of the face, and these curls engross much of their attention; they dye them black, as they do also their eyebrows, which are extremely regular, for they shape them with a razor.

The women in general paint; and are notwithstanding most charming creatures; they seem to be made for love: their actions, gestures, discourse, and looks, are all amorous, and admirably fitted to kindle that soft passion. Since they have nothing else to do, they make it their business to please. Besides their elegance and beauty, their extreme neatness is none of their least considerable charms: they bathe twice a week, to keep themselves clean; and then, by a peculiar art, they crack all the joints of their limbs; and to destroy all excrecent hairs they anoint the skin with pilam, which makes the hairs fall off, and gives an additional whiteness and softness to the skin.

The Turks who are commonly governed by their interest in their marriages, are obliged to court by proxy, and to be satisfied with a

character instead of an interview. But there are so many other conveniences allowed them, that they have not the least reason to complain; for they are permitted to marry four lawful wives; and those who desire a greater variety may marry twenty concubines if they please. For this also is a sort of marriage, not to mention the petty slaves whom they buy and sell. Those who are weary of their wives may turn them away when they please upon paying their dowry.

The concubine marriage is very curious: The man takes the woman he fancies before the cadi, and tells him that he is willing to keep her after such a rate, and that when he has no farther occasion for her, he will give her such a sum of money.

This is the usual refuge of strangers, for if they are caught in making free with one of their females, they run a risk of coming under the talons of the sub-vassa for a heavy fine, which, if they cannot pay, they are pretty sure of the bastinado. As for the poor kind sinner, she is immediately mounted upon an ass, with her face towards the tail, which she holds in her hand, and in that position she is carried through the town, and sold for a slave. This severity makes most strangers conform to the custom of concubinage, or purchasing a slave to keep clear of the balsa. Though the women are far from being cruel, yet by the severity of the balsa, and the suspicious vigilance of the cautious husband, it is almost impossible for a gallant to thrive in this place.

The Turks have no written laws but what are contained in the Koran: all civil affairs are judged by the

protection in the parade of wealth or the pageantry of power. They felt the sting of his poignant satire. He "held up the mirror to truth, shewed virtue her own image," he tore off the trappings with which fashion and servility have decorated folly and meanness.—He exposed successfully those senseless forms by which pompous littleness endeavours to transform itself into dignity.

His love of letters was connected with a high relish for the delights of friendship and hilarity. He was an ornament not only to a literary but to a social circle.—Of his character as a friend I will not attempt a description. His disinterestedness, his unqualified ardent attachment are known in their extent only to the few who have lost a friend. In his domestic relations we saw personified, filial gratitude, connubial love, and fraternal affection. After his father's death he became the guardian of his children, and the head of his family. These important trusts he discharged with industrious diligence and parental tenderness. His orphan brothers and sisters have lost their second father—the state of Vermont an enlightened, virtuous citizen.

[*Prov. paper.*]



#### LAW INTELLIGENCE.

*Court of King's bench,  
London, June 16, 1796.*

*Badoli v. Olden.*

**T**HIS was an action for money had and received for the plaintiff's use.

Mr. Carrow stated his client, Mr. Badoli, to be a very respectable man, who had lived many years

in this town, and had acquired, by his industry, a handsome fortune.

The defendant kept a gaming house, at No. 29, Oxendon-street.

He was certain the jury and every body would agree with him as to the importance of this action. The plaintiff had in his house, and educated under his care and protection a grandson, not yet arrived at age, who, after he had finished his education, was taken into business by Mr. Badoli, and was afterwards to be furnished with the means of living by his own industry.—This young man had the misfortune to be enticed into one of those numerous gambling-houses, which form the pest and destruction of the young men of the times in which we live. He there lost a great deal of his grandfather's money, and of course could not come out without those arts which undermined every thing that was valuable in the human mind. He lost at this house 161l. 14s. the sum for which this action was brought. If he made out by fair legal evidence that that sum of money had been lost at the defendant's gaming table, justice, common sense, and law said the plaintiff was entitled to recover it back again. The effect of a few verdicts against such men, would be extremely beneficial to the public, inasmuch as it would make the keeping of gambling houses an unprofitable trade, and therefore they would shut their doors against young men, and betake themselves to something better.

The learned counsel hoped the jury, by their verdict, would convince such defendants, at least that they were not superior to the laws, and make them feel that the keeping of such houses was a losing trade.

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M. Wilson was here called on the part of the plaintiff, and said, he was the grandson of Mr. Badoli, and lived as servant with him, in the month of June, 1795. He lost to Mr. Oldno, the defendant, the sum of 161l. 14s. at No. 29 Oxendon street. He lost it at playing at *Rouge et Noir*. The defendant was there, and, after the game was over, put the money of the bank, as well as the money he had won, into a bag. During play, when any thing was wrong, the defendant directed the table. There were a great many other people here. He always saw Oldno there. He saw him there after he had lost his grandfather's money.

On his cross examination, he said, his grandfather was an oilman, and he was his servant, and acted in his shop. He never rendered his grandfather an account, because he kept no till. He robbed him of 500l. between the month of June and the month of September following.——Among other things he discounted two notes, the one for 100l. and the other for 80l. which he took out of a book belonging to his grandfather.

Mr. Erskine was counsel for the defendant, and said, he was certain, his lordship and the gentlemen of the jury would join in giving him full credit for the sincerity of those observations he had made on that important subject, when engaged for plaintiffs. He did not then feel any disposition, interest, or duty to contradict any one of those observations. That the existence of gaming houses was the pest and destruction of the rising generation, of the young men of this age; and that they were extremely dangerous to the

community of which we were all members, he had no inclination to dispute. But he knew his lordship too well; and he had no doubt that, before the sittings were over, he should likewise know the jury too well, to suppose their laudable attempts to prevent the destruction of the community by gambling, would at all alter the ordinary administration of justice, or the rules of evidence as applicable to that administration. Because there were gaming houses in this town, which deserve to be reprobated, did it therefore follow, that, on slight evidence, any one subject of the community was to be pitched upon by such a witness as they had heard, and to have taken out of his pocket so large a sum of money, on the single oath of such a man? If that witness had been a young man of irreproachable life, conversation and character, the case would be extremely different. But, on his own testimony, he had no morality at all, and had violated every rule of affection, most undoubtedly, which nature had implanted in him. He took his grandfather's money and applied it to his own use. He therefore stood in the most suspicious situation. He now wished to get back part of that large sum of money of which he had robbed his grandfather, and a great part of which he had expended on other pleasures, as brothels, &c. It was therefore extremely dangerous to rely on the evidence of such a man, unsupported by any other testimony.

Two witnesses were called on the part of the defendant, who gave their evidence in such a manner, that

Lord Kenyon told the jury, he thought

thought they ought to pay no credit to it. His lordship was certain they would find a great deal of pleasure, as far as the administration of justice could do it, to check this growing and monstrous evil.

Verdict for plaintiff—161l. 14s.

June 19.

*Burdon v. Cartwright.*

This was an action for damages against the defendant, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. The declaration contained also account for seducing the plaintiff's wife away from her husband, and harbouring her, &c.

The first witness proved, that the plaintiff and his wife lived happily together, and had three children.

It appeared afterwards in evidence, that the defendant had been married to the plaintiff's sister, but she was dead.

Some time ago, the plaintiff's wife quitted her husband, and went to live with the defendant, passing as the defendant's sister, who had come from the country, 300 miles off. The defendant invited a gentleman and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, to dine with him and the plaintiff's wife, whom he called his sister—While they were at dinner, the plaintiff came in and addressed his wife, asking where she had been, and where her ring was? she pulled it out of her pocket. He invited her to return home with him. The defendant said to her, "Mary, if you have any thing to say to this man, go into another room, and do not disturb my company."

The plaintiff and his wife then

went away together, and she staid with her husband about a fortnight, but then returned to the defendant; immediately afterwards this action was brought. There was no evidence whatever of any adultery.

Mr. Erskine made a very able and eloquent speech for the defendant. He produced a letter which the plaintiff wrote to the defendant after his wife went home with him, thanking him for the care he had taken of his wife. He then produced another letter, and proposed to read it in evidence; it was a letter from the plaintiff's wife to the defendant, whereby she complained of her husband's treatment towards her; but Lord Kenyon decided, that it could not be read in evidence, for that the wife could not, in any manner, be evidence in this action. One witness proved, that the wife had, for several years, complained of the ill treatment of her husband.

Lord Kenyon observed to the jury, that this was a blended action; that of adultery and seduction—of the adultery there was no evidence, and therefore they would dismiss that part of the case; but of the seduction there was abundant proof, and that was as much an attack on the plaintiff's comfort and peace of mind, as adultery could be. If the wife had any reason for quitting her husband, she should have gone to her mother. The defendant had no business to harbour her.—The jury would therefore consider what damages they would give.

Verdict for the plaintiff—damages 200l.

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*The Life of John Rooke, as related by himself.*

**M**Y life has been full of variety; I have *served* many, but few thought of serving me; so that I was under a necessity of taking care of myself, which, thank God, I have pretty well done. I am now seventy-three years of age, and yet am strong and hearty, as you see. I have lived fifty years in this neighbourhood, and well respected I am, though I say it myself. I was born in the year 1689, and this I am the more particular in, because I was always told that it was in the first year of King William's reign: And it made a stronger impression on my memory, because I never liked him, for my father, they say, was a great Stuart's man; and I really believe, that had I been in the north in the year 1715, I should have acted in the support of the old cause. However, as I was going to tell you, I was born at Halifax in Yorkshire; my father who was a wool comber, died before I was two years old, and my mother took it into her head to run away with a Dutch soldier. I was then taken into my uncle's house, and tolerably well used as to eating and drinking as long as he lived; but before I was quite ten years of age he died, leaving behind him a son who was just married: My cousin would, I believe, have behaved well enough to me, but his wife hated the very sight of me, and of course led me a dog's life for some months. It is somewhat odd to say it, but to this hatred do I attribute all my after success in life; for had I continued with them I should now, in all probability, have been only a drunken comber: But fortune has

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favoured me more than that comes to, and I thank my cousin, though none sprung from her, shall ever be the better for me.

To go on with my story: One day, when her husband was from home, she was immoderately angry because I drank some small beer without leave; and just as she was going to knock me down with a mopstick, some gypsies came to the door; she immediately asked them if they would buy me, which they readily agreed to, provided I would go with them; and my consent being asked, I instantly expressed a great joy at the thoughts of getting rid of my devil of a cousin. The bargain was soon struck, and they gave her two sauce pans, and a tin pot in exchange for me. I knew I could not be worse off than where I was, so I readily followed them with alacrity. To these gypsies did I serve my first apprenticeship, and learnt to live hard, to keep a steady countenance, to know the value of money, and how, on all occasions, to supply my wants: They taught me to treat all mankind like enemies, but not to have the appearance of doing it. A lye, they said, was no sin, and stealing a politic way of supplying one's wants with the superfluities that others had no use for: They farther said, that all beasts and birds were originally wild, and the produce of the earth, free to the first comer; this last maxim encouraged me often to make free with a stray goose, turkey, or lamb, and my companions always looked upon me as a skilful provider.

This course of life, in happy freedom, did I lead till I was 18; my wants were confined within a narrow compass, therefore easily gratified. I knew not what pride was;

was; if my clothes answered the purpose of keeping me warm in winter, and guarding me from the sun in summer, it was sufficient. As to what the great call disappointments in love, I was a perfect stranger to them; for the youngest and prettiest of my female companions were ever willing to gratify all my desires. If ever mortal was happy, I was certainly so in this general-esteemed miserable state of life; but it did not last long, for one night whilst we were sleeping as we thought in security, our whole company was taken by a set of constables, carried before a neighbouring justice, and committed to gaol: Two of my male friends were hanged for sheep-stealing, three transported, and myself whipped for a vagabond: As to the women, who were in number eight, three were transported, four luckily made their escape, and my favourite girl was taken home by the justice that committed us, *out of pure compassion to her youth*; but what became of her afterwards, I know not, but I have heard she died a fine rich lady.

Turned thus at large into the wide world, I knew not whether to steer my course: At last determined for London to seek my fortune. I was now about 18, healthy, and what may be called a promising youth, fit to make my way through the world, as no one imagined by my looks I was capable of deceiving: This openness of countenance was the means of making my fortune, as it induced those with whom I had any connection to put an entire confidence in me. When first I reached London, I had but a single groat in the world; yet I did not despair: I knew I could work, if

there was occasion, and could live on a little: Not at all fearful, therefore, was I of starving. I hired myself as a laborer in a gentleman's garden, a few miles from London, at a shilling a day, and behaved myself so well, that the gardener, who was an old man, consented to take me prentice for four years, and teach me his business: I was accordingly bound, and he allowed me four shillings a week to board myself; this I saved, for I was reckoned so good natured a lad, that the maids always supplied me with victuals. During the time of my prenticeship, learnt to read and write, which I found of great use to me afterwards; and when my time was out, I had interest enough with my lady's maid to get the old gardener turned adrift, and procure the place for myself; but it was never known I was the means of it; and in truth it was not doing him any great injury; for he was growing old, and had pretty well feathered his nest. My wages were 12*l.* a year, besides perquisites secret and allowed; the unmissed crop of the garden that I from time to time sold, was worth six or seven pounds a year. In this family I lived 12 years, besides the four of my prenticeship, till at last my old master having lost some thousands of pounds in the South-Sea, took it into his head to break his heart in a few years afterwards. When he died, there was due me rather better than 200*l.* for arrears of wages and interest money; this I received, and found myself master of near 500*l.* at quitting my place.

But I had almost forgot to mention, that about seven years before this, I had privately married my lady's maid; to be sure she was

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some years older than myself; but she made a good industrious painstaking wife nevertheless, as I shall now tell you. My money I put into the funds, and took a house, and set my wife up in a chandler's shop, with a particular liberty of selling gin to her neighbors: This answered many purposes; in the first place, it maintained my family it furnished my wife & self with clothes, for when the old women had no money, they used to bring their own or their husband's apparel, and take it out in gin. The interest of my money in the funds I never touched, nor my wages and perquisites; so that I now grew rich apace.

To give you an instance of my wife's great gains, I will tell you a story. I happened one time to have a hundred pounds by me, and was told that a man wanted to borrow two hundred pounds on a good copy hold farm: I was determined to lend it, but did not chuse to sell out of the funds; so I borrowed another hundred of a friend, which I paid in less than a year out of the profits of her trade, and without her knowledge.—I managed it in this manner; the truth is, she can neither read nor write; so I was her clerk; and as she made her payments once in a fortnight, before she gave me the money, she told me the several sums, for me to reckon how much they together amounted to: On this occasion, I was always sure to make a mistake of three or four guineas in the casting up, which I reserved for the purpose above mentioned.

But to return to myself. After my master's death I engaged to look after Mr. —'s garden, at 40*l.* a year for myself, and 10*l.* a

week for a laborer; this was indeed a fine jobb; for in the space of the first four years I never saw my master's face; he was very rich, and resided all that time at a seat of his in Wiltshire.—I was esteemed so honest, that he appointed me receiver of the rent of some tenements he had in the town, to the amount of 50*l.* a year: I was not used to this business; however, I managed it pretty well for myself; for what with my wages and my man's; dung, seeds, plants, glasses, frames, &c. my master was generally fifty or sixty pounds in my debt at the year's end. I served this gentleman about ten years, till at last he began to think me too expensive a gardener, and we parted.

My next master was Lord —, who had a house and garden in the same town; he suited me exactly, for his family was never down there but in strawberry time: I served him quite to my own satisfaction 20 years, and got as much in the time as I could desire; for my Lord was generous, and I knew how to figure. But as pleasure or profit, which is the same thing, never comes unmixed with pain, I had within this time, two very severe disappointments; one was, that my wife was obliged to give over selling gin; for the parliament took it into their heads, that it was not proper for old women to drink: And the other was, that the owner of the estate that was mortgaged to me, paid me all I could demand; I had fixed my eye upon it, and thought it my own; 'tis true, I did what I could to avoid being paid, but all to no purpose; receive the money I must, or have a bill in Chancery filled against me.—One thing however, comforted

forted me; for about 12 years ago, I persuaded the landlord of the house where I live, that I was in a very bad state of health, and could not live long; on which he consented to take 500*l.* for an annuity of 50*l.* a year for my life, well secured on a freehold estate to be put in my possession. I have received pretty good interest for my money, and last month I refused to take the sum I gave for it, to release him from the obligation. I am now pretty warm, being master of five thousand pounds, besides my annuity, and what my wife has. My relations, when I was young, discarded me; I now discard their offspring; for I have made my will, and given a thousand pounds to the town of Halifax, and all the rest, after my wife's death, to a person who is no kin to me, and will be much surprised that I should give him a shilling.



*Story of SOLYMAN and ALMELA.  
An Eastern Tale.*

**I**N a pleasant valley of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the Irwan, lived Solyman, the son of Ardavan the sage. He was early instructed in all the learning of the east but as his understanding opened, he grew weary of the labours of study, and thirsted only for the knowledge of mankind. With much importunity he prevailed on his father to permit him to travel.—The morning was spread upon the mountains, and Solyman prepared to depart: When he had reached the foot of Taurus, he was stopped by an exclamation of sorrow that proceeded from an adjacent wood. The persons he

heard speaking were two lovers, who had stolen a secret interview before their final separation.

He beheld the lover lying in all the agonies of sorrow, at the feet of his weeping mistress. Solyman perceiving his assistance necessary, rushed into the thicket and raised the unhappy lover from the earth.

"Stranger, said the youth, whoever thou art, thine appearance entitles thee to regard, and the compassion thou hast shewn me merits confidence. That lady, at whose feet I so lately lay insensible, is the daughter of a mercenary wretch, who has sold her to the Khan of Bukharia, and to-morrow she is to be conveyed to him without expostulation or reprieve."

"What, replied Solyman, is it possible that any thing can induce a parent to make his child miserable! I was not ignorant of the depravity of man, but I thought the affections of nature could not have been overcome; yet, if it is so, fly while the moments of liberty remain, and let not those hearts which heaven has formed for each other, be separated by man. The roof of Ardavan has always been a refuge to innocence in distress: I will myself conduct you to the valley of Irwan, where my father's venerable character, and the retired situation of his abode, will secure you from detection, and I shall rejoice to be the means of delivering you from misery."

This offer was too interesting to be refused, and Solyman shewed them the valley of Irwan, and the house of Ardavan. "To know that you are unhappy said he will be a sufficient motive for him to receive you, and your story will procure you his protection. I will now take leave of you, because



cause I would not again take leave of my father."—Having thus parted with the lovers, he proceeded on his journey, and in five days arrived at Ispahan.

Here he grew particularly fond of an English merchant, who spoke the language of the country; the merchant also, was delighted with his company, and cultivated his friendship. They frequently met, and their conversation generally turning on the manners and pursuits of men, they mutually gratified each other, by accounts of their different countries.

Being suddenly called by business to the court of Bassora, the merchant came one morning to take a final leave, but the traveller was too much attached to his friend to suffer any thing but necessity to part them; they set out from Ispahan, and met the morning on the mountain of Arvan. At noon, they discovered a cave on the southern declivity of the mountain, from whence issued an aged hermit, who, at the sight of them, hastened to his abode, with all the feeble precipitancy of age; but at length, perceiving them to be inoffensive travellers, he came and invited them into his cave.

"You will excuse, said the hoary sage, the caution of years; these mountains are not secure from the ravage of human ferocity, and these grey hairs would be no defence from the wanton cruelty of man.—I was born to a competent fortune in the province of Lurestan, but being early left an orphan, my affairs came under the cognizance of a justiciary court, which the members of it call the court of equity, but so equitable were they with regard to me, that they claimed two parts of my little fortune; for their care of the

third." "Would to God, that were never the case in Great Britain, replied the merchant!"—but proceed.—Though I had such an early and convincing proof of the treachery and rapacity of mankind, yet as I had always exercised the benevolent virtues myself, I could not think others totally devoid of them; and, at my 23d year, being inclined to travel, I entrusted the remains of my fortune, with a person whom I had long known and respected, but I had not been absent from Lurestan more than three moons, when he pretended a commission to dispose of my effects, and immediately left the place. Upon my return therefore to the province, I found neither friend nor fortune, and being bred to no business, I was reduced to the most distressful state of indigence. I applied, however, not without hopes of redress or relief to a person of power and eminence, whom I had often hear speak of his friendship with my father. After long and frequent attendance I was admitted to an interview: I laid open my distress to him with that kind of eloquence which the misery we suffer from the treachery of others always suggests, and which, however unaffected it may be to indifferent persons, utters its complaints with indignity and resentment. I was heard half way through my story, and dismissed with the following reply: "It is not necessary young man to proceed, with your complaints, I perceive you have been abused, and I am sorry for you; but that shall not be the only proof of my regard for you, I will give you a little advice, you should never depend so much on the benevolence or integrity of any human being, as to trust with him

him your fortune or your life." Thus ended my hopes from the friend of my father, whose benevolence extended no further than to instruct me how to secure the fortune that was stolen, and to preserve the life which I wished to lose.

I had now no choice but to enter as a common soldier, into the army of the Sophi. I had always delighted in martial exercises, and was expert in the use of arms; my dexterity and address drew upon me the attention of my officers, and, in a short time I obtained a small commission. I had now almost forgot my miseries, and embraced my new situation with cheerfulness and hope; but fortune who had for a while ceased to persecute me as below her notice, as if she had been indignant at my satisfaction, and jealous of my prospects, now renewed and redoubled her severity.

My commanding officer had a daughter of extraordinary beauty and uncommon capacity. Zara was the object of universal admiration, but she had set her heart on the unfortunate Abbas. The first moment I beheld her, I discovered in her looks the most tender and affectionate regard for me; which I imputed to her compassion for my misfortunes, though at the same time, I wished, without knowing why, that it might proceed from another cause. She asked me for the story of my life; I told it in the plainest and most pathetic manner; yet when I had finished, she desired me to repeat it. From this moment I had done with peace; her infectious tenderness had such an influence upon my heart, that I could think of nothing but Zara; without Zara I was miserable. A thousand

times did I flatter myself that there was something more than mere compassion in her look and manner, and not many days passed before I was convinced of the dear fatal truth from this letter:

#### TO ABBAS.

Your merit and your sufferings have a claim to something more than compassion; to espouse the cause of Abbas is to discharge a duty which virtue cannot dispense with. Meet me on the parade this evening, and you shall know more of the sentiments of Zara.

The emotions I felt on the receipt of this letter can only be conceived by those who, in the midst of despairing love, have beheld a gleam of hope. The tumult of my heart hurried me to the place appointed long before the time; I walked backward and forward in the utmost confusion, totally regardless of every object about me, sometimes raising my hands and eyes in the sudden effusions of transport, and sometimes smiling with the complacency of delight.

At length the day departed, and Zara came. My heart bounded at her sight; I was unable to speak, and threw myself at her feet. She was alarmed at my excessive earnestness and confusion; but commanding me to rise, 'Abbas, said she, if your confusion proceeds from your modest gratitude, restrain it till you find whether I am able to serve you; if it arises from any other cause, I must leave you this moment.' I entreated she would tell me to what I was indebted for the happiness of this interview, and I would be calm and attentive. 'My regard for your merit, and my compassion for your sufferings, said she,



she, makes me wish to serve you. Tell me, Abbas, can I assist you through the interest of my father?' I faltered out my acknowledgments, telling her that to her I must owe all my hopes of future happiness.

She left me immediately without reply. The singularity of my behaviour on the parade before the coming of Zara, had drawn upon me the attention of an officer who was secretly her admirer, and who, either through curiosity or suspicion, though unobserved by me, had waited at a convenient distance to watch my motions. No sooner did he perceive the approach of Zara, than as well to gratify his revenge, as to ingratiate himself with her father, he immediately told him of our interview.

Zara, ignorant of what had passed, with her usual freedom and good nature, began to express her compassion for the misfortunes of Abbas, talked of his merits, and wished to see him preferred. The old general, who was naturally jealous and impetuous, exclaimed, with a burst of indignation, *Yes, I shall prefer him!* Early the next morning he sent me my discharge, and while I was gazing in stupid astonishment on my general's letter, a youth, masked, brought me a small casket, with a letter from Zara, which, to the best of my remembrance, was as follows:

TO ABBAS.

By some unlucky circumstance, which I do not now understand, instead of promoting you, I have been the cause of your dismissal. The bearer who brings you a small casket of jewels for your support, has my commands to conduct you

the shortest way over the mountains; follow him immediately, lest the rage of jealousy meditate new persecutions. He wears a mask, that he may not be taken notice of as one of the general's domestic's; his attachment to me will make him faithful to you. Time may bring about happier events. Adieu, Adieu!

ZARA.

In the anguish and confusion of my heart, I followed my guide, without knowing whither he was leading me, or what I was about to do. I vented my grief in broken ejaculations, frequently calling upon the name of Zara, but not once addressing myself to my attendant. By the evening of the second day we had advanced 40 miles southward from the province of Lurestan, when—how shall I relate the last horrid scene of my miseries! pardon me!—these aged eyes have yet a tear left, yet a tear for the memory of Zara!—we were attacked by a band of robbers. My guide was Zara! In her fright she threw off her mask, and cried Zara. Love, rage, fear, and vengeance gave me supernatural strength; three of the villains fell by my sabre, a fourth disarmed me, and the rest of the gang carried off Zara.

At this crisis of his story, the spirits of the aged hermit were exhausted by their own violence, and it was some time before he could proceed.

You have now, continued he, heard the completion of my misfortunes. When I was recovered of the wounds I received, I spent some months in the fruitless search of Zara; at last, despairing to gain any intelligence of her, I transmitted an account of the affair to her father, not without hope, that

his power or his wealth might be a means of finding her out and redeem her ; but *I* was deceived, and had soon the mortification to hear, that the unnatural wretch exulted in our misfortunes, and uttered the most dreadful imprecations on his only child.

Deprived of hope and dejected with melancholy, *I* could no longer bear the society of mankind ; *I* therefore betook myself to these solitary mountains, where this cell has been my habitation for years, that have passed away in unvaried sorrow ; and where you are the first of human beings that have heard me tell my tale.

Solyman expatiated on the sufferings of Abbas with the most tender sensibility, and inveighed against the baseness of mankind, with all the rage of honest resentment.

From the complicated distresses of one person, said the merchant, you draw a partial image of the life of man. But the day declines ; let us hasten over these mountains, that we may repose at night in some village of the valley. The travellers took leave of the hermit, and about the close of day arrived at the village of Arden.

The reception they met with here, reconciled Solyman to his own species again.

When the dawn of the morning broke, Solyman and the merchant, with the most grateful acknowledgments of the hospitality with which they had been entertained, left the village of Arden, followed by the kind wishes of their host and his amiable family. They travelled for some days thro' the southern provinces of Persia, without any remarkable occurrence, or any other entertainment than such as could be found in the

diversity of prospects, and the different labours of men. Sometimes they amused themselves with the contemplation of those places which history had marked out as the scenes of great events and sometimes had occasion to reflect on the perishable monuments of human magnificence.

In this manner gratifying their curiosity, and indulging their speculations, they proceeded on their journey, and in a short time arrived at the gulph of Bassora.

The merchant having here found the vessel he expected, told Solyman, that if his inclination led him to Europe he could accommodate him with a convenient passage ; informing him, at the same time, that his own affairs would detain him some years longer in Persia. Solyman long hesitated between friendship and curiosity, but at length determined to accept his offer.

As the ship, however, was to remain some time in the gulph, Solyman took the opportunity to make the tour of India. In his way he visited the isle of Ormus, than which no part of nature wears a more dismal appearance ; yet here, in this scene of dreary desolation, he had the mortification to meet with an exile from the city of Ispahan, and having learned that the cause of his banishment was only telling a gentleman that stood near him at the Persian court, *that he thought the Sultana Moratte extremely beautiful*. Solyman determined to release him ; for the present, however, he left Ormus, and proceeded towards the frontiers of India. When he came to Dehli, the capital of the Mogul's empire, he contracted an intimate friendship and a most tender regard for a lady

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lady whose name was Almena. There is some secret attraction in congenial natures, which draws them together without the forms of a long acquaintance. Charmed with her virtues and delighted with her conversation, he had determined to lay aside his journey to Europe, and to remain at Dehli, when the poor exile at Ormus came into his mind.—With a heart full of the most piercing sorrow, he went to take leave of his beloved friend, who, having discovered the cause, Go, said she, go where your virtue leads you, and Providence be your guide! Your friendship, while I have life, shall not be forgotten.

A flood of tears followed these words, and Solyman unable any longer to behold her sorrow, precipitately withdrew.

When he arrived at Ormus, and beheld the joy of the poor exile at the sight of his deliverer, he felt a torrent of pleasure in his breast, overflowing all the oppositions that grief had raised against it; but he was now in hopes of procuring the exile a passage without going himself into Europe, from which the friendship of Almena, had weaned his inclinations; with this view he waited upon a captain to whom the merchant recommended him, who promised him the best accommodations of his ship, but told him that he must remain there a few months before she could get out of the gulf.

Of this delay he resolved to avail himself in visiting his father. As soon, therefore, as he had acquainted the exile with what he had to hope, and advised him to provide secretly for his voyage, he sailed from the gulf up the Euphrates as far as where the Ti-

gris empties itself into that river, and from thence proceeded by land to the valley of Irwan.

The venerable Ardavan had ascended an eminence near his house to enjoy the beauties of the summer evening, and to offer up a prayer to the departing sun for Solyman, when Solyman appeared before him. The feeble remains of aged life twice fainted beneath the weight of joy.—Solyman was not less affected by this meeting; but his happiness was allayed with anxiety. In vain did his father desire a relation of his travels, and in vain did he begin it; when he attempted to speak of Persepolis, he gave a description of Dehli; when he was asked after some other place, he mentioned the village of Almena; instead of describing the people of India, he described the person of Almena; and when an account of their manners was requested, "her manners," he replied, "are such as the immortal Mithra looks down upon with delight."

Ardavan was now no longer at a loss to account for the inconsistency of his son's behaviour; but willing to be still more convinced of what he suspected to be the cause, he applied to his passions the story of those lovers whom he had recommended to his care. At the mention of the lovers Solyman was roused from his melancholy negligence, into the most eager attention. "Tell me, my father, said the impatient youth, tell me, I intreat you, the fate of the lovers."

The Khan of Bukharia, said Ardavan, who had purchased the maiden, of her father was deposed and banished by the Sophi, and the maiden, who was an only child, inherited her father's fortune,

which was very considerable; but as great part of it had been amassed by oppression, she made restitution to those whom his avarice had injured, and she now enjoys the remainder with happiness, and her lover.

"What you tell me, said Solyman, gives me inexpressible satisfaction, for the lovers are possessed of eminent virtue."——

The time approached for his return to Ormus, and his engagements to the exile were a sufficient reason for his departure; and in a short time he found means to discharge those engagements, and his face was now set towards Dehli. On he travelled with the eager pace of a lover, and in a few days reached the capital of the Mogul's empire.

The evening he arrived he flew to the house of Almena, who received him with emotions of tenderness which she was scarce able to conceal, and it was not long before he prevailed upon her to accompany him to the valley of Irwan. Within a few days they set forward from Dehli, and proceeded to the coast, where they went on board a trading vessel bound for the Persian gulf.

At that time there was war between the King of Sunda, and the King of Kanara, two petty princes of the hither Peninsula of India, and, unfortunately, the ship in which they embarked belonged to one of these powers. They had not proceeded above five leagues from the shore, when they were pursued by the foe. After an obstinate and bloody engagement they were boarded; and their enemies, when they had stripped the vessel of every thing valuable, dismissed it; but they took Almena. The ship having

lost her freight returned to the coast of India.

Solyman, as soon as he had received intelligence of the situation of the kingdom of Sunda, went immediately in quest of Almena.

As he was walking one evening by the castle of Sevasir, he heard a mournful voice proceeding from a garden within the fort.

As it came nearer, the image of her who was mourning glanced through his heart more swiftly than the lightning smites the traveller on the mountains of Hima. The lady was Almena. In a burst of transport he cried, "*Almena! Solyman!*" struck at once with the voice, the name, and the figure of Solyman, surprise overcame her, and she fell senseless upon the terras.——

Solyman, the moment he beheld the governor, fiercely cried out, *I conjure thee, if thou art a human being, let me instantly fly to the relief of a lady in thy gardens.* The governor was alarmed, and ordered him to be secured, while he went himself into the gardens to know what had happened. There he found Almena supporting herself against the wall. The weeping beauty threw herself before him in such an agony of sorrow, and such a posture of supplication as would have moved any heart in which vice had not extinguished every spark of humanity; but the heart of Nagrakut, that was the governor's name, felt no pity, but placing himself nearer on the bench, inclosed her in his arms, while she shrieked out with the most distressful horror. Her cries pierced the cell where Solyman was confined. With the united strength of rage and terror he burst the door of his prison, and running through the apartments of

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of the castle with a dagger in his hand, which he had fortunately snatched up in the way, he flew to the garden, and plunged it into his heart.

Not long after this, a body of Kanarians entered the country of Sundah, and seized the castle of Sevasir.

Solyman and Almena had now another danger to encounter. The women that are taken in war are presented to the kings, that they may select whom they like. The king made choice of Almena, the rest were dismissed.

Solyman was all this time kept with the garrison a prisoner of war, but at length found means to obtain his liberty, and to recover Almena. The lovers flew to each others arms, and, after prostrating themselves before their benefactor, and expressing their gratitude, they sat their faces towards Dehli, and from thence to the valley of Irwin. In their way they visited the happy lovers by whom they were gratefully received, and hospitably entertained; and at length they arrived at the happy valley, where they found the aged Ardivan still living, and enjoying all the faculties of nature. The benevolent sage rejoices to receive his son, not only safe from the dangers of travel, but happy in the enjoyments of his love; and with a heart full of tenderness, conferred on both his paternal benediction.



#### ACCOUNT of the SQUIRREL.

[From Goldsmith.]

THE squirrel is a beautiful little animal,\* which is but

\* *Buffon.*

half savage: And which, from the gentleness and innocence of its manners, deserves our protection. It is neither carnivorous nor hurtful; its usual food is fruits, nuts and acorns; it is cleanly, nimble, active and industrious; its eyes are sparkling, and its physiognomy marked with meaning. It generally, like the hare and rabbit sits up on its hinder legs, and uses the fore paws as hands; these have five claws or toes, as they are called, and one of them are separated from the rest like a thumb. This animal seems to approach the nature of birds from its lightness, and surprising agility on the tops of trees. It seldom descends to the ground, except in case of storms, but jumps from one branch to another; feeds, in spring, on the buds and young shoots; in summer, on the ripening fruits; and particularly the young cones of the pine tree. In autumn it has an extensive variety to feast upon; the acorn, the philbard, the chesnut, and the wilding. This season of plenty, however, is not spent in idle employment; the provident little animal gathers at that time its provisions for the winter; and cautiously foresees the season when the forest shall be stripped of its leaves and fruitage.

Its nest is generally formed among the large branches of a great tree, where they begin to fork off into small ones. After chusing the place where the timber begins to decay, and hallow may the more easily be formed, the squirrel begins by making a kind of level between the forks; and then bringing moss, twigs, and dry leaves, it binds them together with great art, so as to resist the most violent storm. This is covered up

on all sides, and has but a single opening at top, which is just large enough to admit the little animal; and this opening is itself defended from the weather by a kind of canopy made in the fashion of a cone, so that it throws off the rain, though ever so heavy. The nest thus formed, with a very little opening above, is nevertheless, very commodious and roomy below; soft, well knit together, and every way convenient and warm. In this retreat the little animal brings forth its young, shelters itself from the scorching heat of the sun, which it seems to fear, and from the storms and inclemency of winter, which it is still less capable of supporting. Its provision of nuts and acorns is seldom in its nest, but in the hollows of the tree, laid up carefully together, and never touched but in cases of necessity. Thus one single tree serves for a retreat and a storehouse; and without leaving it during the winter, the squirrel possesses all those enjoyments that its nature is capable of receiving. But it sometimes happens that its little mansion is attacked by a deadly and powerful foe. The martin goes often in quest of a retreat for its young, which it is incapable of making for itself; for this reason it fixes upon the nest of a squirrel, and, with double injustice, destroys the tenant, and then takes possession of the mansion.

However, this is a calamity that but seldom happens: And, of all other animals, the squirrel leads the most frolicsome playful life; being surrounded with abundance, and having few enemies to fear. They are in heat early in the spring; when, a modern naturalist

says,† it is very diverting to see the female feigning an escape from the pursuit of two or three males, and to observe the various proofs which they give of their agility, which is then exerted in full force. Nature seems to have been particular in her formation of these animals for propagation: However, they seldom bring forth above four or five young at a time; and that but once a year. The time of their gestation seems to be about six weeks; they are pregnant in the beginning of April, and bring forth about the middle of May.

The squirrel is seldom found in the open field, nor yet in copies or underwoods; it always keeps in the midst of the tallest trees, and, as much as possible, shuns the habitations of man. It is extremely watchful; if the tree in which it resides be but touched at the bottom, the squirrel takes the alarm, quits its nest, at once flies off to another tree, and thus travels, with great ease, along the tops of the forest, until it finds itself perfectly out of danger. In this manner it continues some hours at a distance from home until the alarm be past away; and then it returns, by paths that to all quadrupeds but itself are utterly impassible. Its usual way of moving is by bounds; these it takes from one tree to another, at forty feet distance; and if at any time it is obliged to descend, it runs up the side of the next tree with amazing facility. It has an extremely sharp piercing note, which most usually expresses pain; it has another more like the purring of a cat, which it employs

† *British Zoology.*

when



when pleased; at least it appeared so in that, from whence I have taken a part of this description.

In Lapland and the extensive forests to the north, the squirrels are observed to change their habitation, and to remove in vast numbers from one country to another. In these migrations they are generally seen by thousands, traveling directly forward; while neither rocks, forests nor even the broadest waters can stop their progress. What I am going to relate, appears so extraordinary, that were it not attested by numbers of the most credible historians, among whom are Klein and Linnæus, it might be rejected, with that scorn with which we treat imposture or credulity: However, nothing can be more true than, that when these animals, in their progress, meet with broad rivers, or extensive lakes, which abound in Lapland, they take a very extraordinary method of crossing them. Upon approaching the banks, and perceiving the breadth of the water, they return as if by common consent, into the neighbouring forest, each in quest of a piece of bark which answers all the purposes of boats for wafting them over.— When the whole company are fitted in this manner, they boldly commit their little fleet to the waves; every squirrel sitting on his own piece of bark, and fanning the air with its tail, to drive the vessel to its desired port. In this orderly manner they set forward, and often cross lakes several miles broad. But it too often happens the poor mariners are not aware of the dangers of their navigation; for although at the edge of the water it is generally calm, in the midst it is always more turbulent. There the slight-

est additional gulf of wind overturns the little sailor and his vessel together. The whole navy, that but a few minutes before rode proudly and securely along, is now overturned, and a shipwreck of two or three thousand sail ensues. This which is so unfortunate for the little animal, is generally the most lucky accident in the world for the Laplanders on shore; who gather up the dead bodies as they are thrown in by the waves, eat the flesh, and sell the skins for about a shilling the dozen.†

The squirrel is easily tamed, and it is then a very familiar animal. It loves to lie warm, and will often creep into a man's pocket or his bosom. It is usually kept in a box, and fed with hazelnuts.— Some find amusement in observing with what ease it bites the nut open and eats the kernel. In short, it is a pleasing pretty little domestic; and its tricks and habits may serve to entertain a mind unequal to stronger operations.

† *Oeuvres de Regnard.*



## PROCESS of SCALPING

AMONG THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

SCALPING is a mode of torture peculiar to the Indians. If a blow is given with the tomahawk previous to the scalp being taken off, it is followed by instant death; but where scalping only is inflicted, it puts the person to excruciating pain, though death does not always ensue. There are instances of persons of both sexes now living in America, and no doubt in other countries, who, after

ter having been scalped, by wearing a plate of silver or tin on the crown of their head, to keep it from the cold, enjoy a good state of health, and are seldom afflicted with pains.

When an Indian strikes a person on the temple with a tomahawk, the victim instantly drops, he then seizes his hair with one hand, twisting it very tight together, to separate the skin from the head, and, placing his knee on the breast, with the other he draws the scalping knife from the sheath, and cuts the skin round the forehead, pulling it off with his teeth. As he is very dexterous, the operation is generally performed in two minutes. The scalp is then extended on three hoops, dried in the sun, and rubbed over with vermilion. Some of the Indians in time of war, when scalps are well paid for, divide one into five or six parts, and carry them to the nearest post, in hopes of receiving a reward proportionate to the number.

When the scalp is taken from the head of one of their own people, they frequently make the dead body of advantage to them, by dressing it up, and painting it with vermilion; they then place it against a tree, with weapons in its hand, to induce the Indians to suppose it an enemy on the watch—and round the body they set spears in the ground, so as scarcely to be discernible. The Indians, on seeing the person against the tree, and anxious to make him a prisoner, in the eagerness of running, fall on the points of the spears, and, being disabled from proceeding, are easily made prisoners.

How much the Indians pride themselves upon being adepts in

the art of scalping, may be seen by the following short anecdote respecting two savages, in the time of Sir William Johnson.

A Mohawk, of the name of Scunnionsa, or the Elk, and a Chippeway Indian, of the name of Cark Cark, or the Crow, having met at a council of war near Crown Point, in the year 1757, were extolling their own merits, and boasting of their superiority in taking scalps. The Mohawk contended, that he could take a larger scalp than the Chippeway warrior, who was very highly offended, and desired that the experiment might be made. They parted, each pursuing a different route, after having first agreed to meet at a certain place, on a particular day, when a council was to be held. At the time appointed they returned, and appeared at the council. The Mohawk laid down his scalp, which was the skin of the head and neck of a man, stuffed with fine moss, and sewed up with the deer's sinews, and the eyes fastened in. The Chiefs expressed their approbation, and pronounced him to be a great and brave warrior. The Chippeway then rose, and, looking earnestly at the Mohawk, desired the interpreter to tell him that it was an old woman's scalp, which is considered as a term of great reproach, and called to one of his sons to bring forward his scalp; when instantly he exhibited to their view the complete skin of a man, stuffed with down feathers, and sewed very close with deer's sinews. The Chiefs loaded him with praise, and unanimously acknowledged his superiority. The Mohawk warrior, fired with resentment, withdrew from the council, meditating revenge; and

as



as soon as he saw the Chippeway come forth, he followed him and watching a convenient opportunity, dispatched him with his tomahawk, rejoiced that he had, even in this dastardly manner, got rid of a victorious rival.

Death, among the Indians, is, upon many occasions, rather sought for than dreaded, and particularly by those advanced in years, when their strength and activity fail them so that they cannot hunt. A father then solicits to *change his climate*, according to the Indian mode of expression; and the son cheerfully acts the part of the executioner, and puts a period to the existence of his parent.

Among the northern Chippeways, when the father of a family seems reluctant to comply with the usual custom, and his life becomes burthensome to himself & friends, and his children are obliged to maintain him with the labor of their hands, they propose to him the alternative, either to be put on shore on some island, with a small canoe and paddles, bows and arrows, a bowl to drink out of, and there run the risk of starving; or to suffer death according to the laws of the nation manfully. As there are few instances where the latter is not preferred, I shall relate the ceremony practised on such an occasion:

A sweating-house is prepared in the same form as at the ceremony of adoption; and whilst the person is under this preparatory trial, the family are rejoicing that the Master of Life\* has communicated to them the knowledge of disposing of the aged and infirm, and sending them to a better country,

\* This is the appellation given by the Indians to the Deity.

where they will be renovated, and hunt again with all the vigour of youth. They then smoke the pipe of peace, and have their dog-feast: They also sing the grand medicine song, as follows:

"The Master of Life gives courage. It is true all Indians know that he loves us, and we now give our father to him, that he may find himself young in another country, and be able to hunt.

The songs and dances are renewed, and the eldest son gives his father the death stroke with a tomahawk: They then take the body, which they paint in the best manner, and bury it with the war weapons, making a bark hut to cover the grave, to prevent the wild animals from disturbing it.



#### *Sketch of the life of HOMER.*

THIS wonderful genius, this father of genuine poetry, has ennobled human nature, and claims the first place in the Temple of fame. He flourished about 900 years before the christian era. To the eternal honour of this great bard, temples have been raised; and yet, strange to tell, this prince of poets passed the greatest part of his life as a fugitive, neglected and unknown.

Among the vast diversity of opinions concerning Homer, the most probable is, that he was a native of Smyrna. Phemius, struck with the rising talents of our juvenile poet, took upon him the charge of his education: The scholar soon surpassed his master; Smyrna admired his genius, and his fame drew strangers to this city to hear him recite his compositions.

A captain in the sea service called Mentès, was intimately acquainted with our poet, and prevailed on him to travel with him into foreign countries. With this friend he made the tour of Asia, Egypt, and Greece, treasuring up the immense acquisitions of learning he had gleaned from the sages, the maxims of the priests at Delphos, the sublime writings of Linus, Orpheus, Musæus, &c. for nothing escaped the penetration of this great observer of men and things. His understanding became enlarged by his unwearied researches in politics, morality, and religion; and from this great source his sentiments were refined, and his imagination enriched by contemplating such an infinity of objects.

His sight began to fail him during his residence at Ithaca, while he was employed in composing his *Odyssey*; nevertheless, his passion for travelling induced him to accompany Mentès in farther researches, which unhappily were soon interrupted by a total loss of sight. It is easy to imagine the great affliction he necessarily suffered upon a misfortune of that nature.

Thestorides, taking an advantage of our poet's poverty, offered him an asylum, on conditions of his communicating to him his writings: Homer accepts the generous offer, and accordingly took up his abode with this supposed friend. Thestorides no sooner obtained possession of such a treasure than he fled to Chios, where he opened a public school, and recited the poems of Homer as his own performances.

This great man after a series of misfortunes and disappointments, found at last some repose at Chios,

where he put to shame and confusion his peridious plagiarist, who was peaceably enjoying the fruits of the glory he had so clandestinely usurped. The inhabitants of this city were so struck with these immortal poems, that they generously assigned their author a sufficient pension to make the rest of his days comfortable and happy.

Lycurgus, that celebrated legislator, was the first who introduced the works of Homer into Greece; which were then in detached pieces, and entitled *Rhapsodies*. Pysistratus collected these rhapsodies together, and divided the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, each into 24 books. Solon ordained as a law, that the poems of Homer should be sung at all public solemnities, and that children should be taught to recite them from memory. Copies were soon after dispersed over Greece, and Athens had the glory of handing them down to posterity. Well may the entranced modern sing,

How sweet the numbers  
swell,

While Homer waves his soul enchanted wand

Entranc'd the listening passions  
stand,

Charm'd with the magic of his  
shell.

Whether to arms his trump re-  
sounds,

The heart with martial ardour  
bounds;

Or sprightly themes his hand  
employ,

Instant we catch the spreading  
joy.

Or when in notes majestic, soft,  
and slow,

He bids the solemn streams of sor-  
row flow,

Amaz'd



Amaz'd we hear the sadly pleasing  
strain,  
While tender anguish steals thro'  
every vein.

Father of verse, whose eagle  
flight  
Fatigues the gazer's aching sight,  
And strains th' aspiring mind:  
Teach me thy wondrous heights  
to view,

With trembling wings thy steps  
pursue,  
And leave the lessening world  
behind.

Homer among the Grecians ac-  
quired the glorious appellation—  
THE FATHER OF WISDOM AND  
VIRTUE. Horace tells us this great  
master instructed mankind in their  
duties much better than the phi-  
losopher.



## LITERARY SOCIETIES.

HANOVER, AUG. 29, 1796. COMMENCEMENT.

**L**AST Wednesday was the an-  
niversary commencement at  
Dartmouth College. After the ne-  
cessary arrangements for the busi-  
ness of the day, a procession con-  
sisting of the board of Trustees—  
the executive officers of College—  
the students and a respectable  
number of gentlemen of public  
character, moved from the Presi-  
dent's house to the meeting-house.

The business of the day was in-  
troduced with prayer by the Pre-  
sident, after which a piece of mu-  
sic was formed with voice and  
instruments.

The classical exercises in the  
forenoon were,

1st. A Salutatory Oration in  
Latin, by Mr. Dow.

2d. An English Dialogue on the  
origin and progress of govern-  
ment, by Messrs. Eastman and  
Thompson.

3d. A Syllogistic dispute on  
this question, "An virtus in phi-  
lantia originem habeat?" by Mr.  
Butterfield respondent, and Messrs.  
Adams, Little, Porter, and Hale,  
opponents.

[Omitted.]

4th. A Dramatic Dialogue, by  
VOL. II.

Messrs. Batchelder, Cheney, and  
Gilbert.

5th. A Dialogue on the state of  
Venice, by Messrs. Alexander, Fol-  
som, and Gilman.

6th. A Forensic dispute on  
this question, "Is taste the stand-  
ard of beauty?" by Messrs. Cur-  
rier, Pierce, Tillotson, and Whi-  
ton.

7th. A Poem, by Mr. Bradley.

AFTERNOON.

1st. Music.

2d. Philosophical Oration on  
Vegetation, by Mr. Packard.

3d. A Forensic Dispute on this  
question, "Are all animals and  
vegetables produced by traduc-  
tion?" by Messrs. Burroughs,  
Noyes, Storrs, and White.

4th. An English Dialogue on  
the effects produced by cultiva-  
tion of the earth on the state of  
the atmosphere, by Messrs. Church  
and Freeman.

5th. A French Dialogue, by  
Messrs. Bradford and Stowell.

[Omitted]

6th. Political formentation, a  
Dialogue, by Messrs. Chase, Rip-  
ley, and True. [Omitted.]

7th. A Greek Oration, by Mr. P.  
Noyes.

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*The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on*

Messrs. Isaac Adams, Foster Alexander, Josiah Batchelder, Ebenezer G. Bradford, Richard Burroughs, Abraham Butterfield, Philander Chase, Abner Cheney, Benjamin Church, Seth Carrier, Moses Dow, Tilton Eastman, Thomas G. Fessenden, Peter Folsom, Randolph Freeman, Daniel Gilbert, John T. Gilman, jun. Samuel Hale, Walter Little, William Niles, Parker Noyes, Nathan Noyes, Theophilus Packard, Procter Pierce, Barrett Potter, Lincoln Riply, John S. Sparhawk, Nathaniel Storrs, Benjamin Stowell, John M. Tillotson, Caleb Thompson, Henry True, Levi White and Tower Whiton.

*And the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on*

Mr. Hiram Payne 1787, Rev. Rufus Anderson, Rev. Nathan Bradstreet, David Hale, and Timothy Clark 1791, Asa Bullard, Samuel Gerrish, Asa McFarland, Henry Moore, Zephaniah Swift Moore, Richard English Newcomb, Moses Paul Payson, Warner Rogiers, and George Woodward, alumni of this college.

Richard Whitney, Esq. of Harvard College, was admitted to the same, and the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on William Colman, Esq.

Then followed the Valedictory Oration, by Mr. Fessenden.

The exercises of the day were closed with prayer by the President.

During the whole transaction of the day there was the greatest order. The exercises of candidates discovered classical taste in diction and acuteness of investigation. Much praise was their due: And a numerous concourse

of ladies and Gentlemen expressed their cordial approbation of the performance by a uniform and distinct attention. This is the highest praise, and this becomes the school of philosophy.

*Providence, Sept. 10, 1796.*

#### COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday last was celebrated the anniversary commencement of Rhode-Island College. The processional train was formed as usual, and at ten o'clock, A. M. proceeded to the Baptist meeting-house. The exercises of the day were introduced by a prayer, delivered by the President.

The performances of the forenoon were,

1st. An Oration on the Drama, with the salutatory addresses—by Benjamin B. Simons.

2d. An intermediate Oration on the importation of foreign luxuries—By Abraham Blanding.

3d. An intermediate Oration on the importance of the knowledge of civil rights—by Nathan Whiting.

#### MUSIC.

4th. 2d Dispute, on the policy of establishing a uniform system of education throughout the United States—between Horace Senter, Joseph Holmes and Asa Kimball.

5th. An Oration against religious establishments—by John Holmes.

6th. An Oration on the manifestation of Deity in his works—by John M. Roberts.

#### MUSIC.

7th. Astronomy burlesqued, a conference—between Abraham Blanding and Nathan Whiting.

8th. An Oration on the necessity of subjecting the passions to reason—by David Crane.

9th. An



9th. An intermediate Oration, on attachment to particular systems of religious opinions—by Asa Aldis.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following young gentlemen, alumni of this College: Asa Aldis, Abraham Elanding, Bezer Bryant, Tristram Burges, Oliver Cobb, Dav. Crane, John Holmes, Joseph Holmes, Philip Hayward, Asa Kimball, David King, John M. Roberts, Horace Senter, Benjamin R. Simons, Benjamin Shurtleff, Ignatius Tomson and Nathan Whiting.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the following young gentlemen, alumni of this College: Jonas Godfrey, Gilbert Dench, Thomas L. Halfey, William King, Eli Smith, Lemuel Wadsworth, Isaiah Weston and Abraham Cummings.

The honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the following gentlemen: Rev. Laurence Butterworth, Rev. James Bicheno, and Rev. Andrew Fuller, of Great Britain; and on Foster Swift, Esq. of Taunton, Massachusetts.

#### *Afternoon.*

#### MUSIC.

1st. An intermediate Oration on individual and national greatness—by Philip Hayward.

2d. 1st Dispute, on this question, "Whether christianity has augmented the temporal happiness of man?"—between Benjamin Shurtleff, Oliver Cobb, and Bezer Bryant.

3d. A Dialogue between David King, John M. Roberts, and John Holmes.

#### MUSIC.

4th. A Dissertation in favour of female education—by David King.

5th. An Oration, "Pleading the cause of Man," together with the valedictory addresses—by Tristram Burges.

An address was then delivered to the graduates by the President.

The day was closed with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Stillman.

At the annual meeting of the corporation, on the 8th inst. John Brown, Esq. resigned his office of Treasurer to the College, the duties of which, during a period of 21 years, he had uniformly discharged with reputation to himself and advantage to the seminary; for which the corporation voted him their acknowledgments, and unanimously elected Mr. Nicholas Brown his successor in that office.

*Williamstown, Sept. 19, 1796.*

#### COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday the 7th inst. was holden a public commencement of Williams College. The great resort of a company, which attended on the occasion, received the highest gratification from the display of literature, morals, and taste, in the exhibitions of the candidates.

A procession, composed of the scholars of the academy, the students of College, the tutors and professor of the French Language, the president and corporation, together with a number of respectable gentlemen of the clergy, moved from the College to the meeting-house, at about ten o'clock A. M.

The exercises of the day were introduced by an address to the throne of Grace, by the President.

A Salutatory Oration in Latin, was pronounced by Mr. Thomas Robbins.

An English Oration, on agriculture, by Mr. Thomas Romeyn.

A Dialogue in French, on the prevalence of infidelity in France, between Messrs. David Mason and Daniel Noble.

A Forensic disputation on the question, "Is a public education preferable to a private one?" by Messrs. David Knap and Thomas Romeyne.

An English Oration on Patriotism, by Mr. David Mason.

A English Oration on the influence of Christianity upon literature, by Mr. David Knap.

A Forensic disputation on the question, "Whether the benevolence of the Deity can be proved from the light of nature?" by Messrs. Noble and Robbins.

An English Oration on the separate effects of reason and passion, particularly applied to the present situation of our government, by Mr. Daniel Noble.

A Dialogue on the modern spirit of free enquiry in Religion and Politics, between Messrs. Robbins, Mason and Knap.

A public dinner was provided, at Mr Skinner's, for the corporation, and the clergy who attended on the day.

After the exercises, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Messrs. David Knap, David Mason, Daniel Noble, Thomas Robbins, Thomas Romeyne and Benjamin Romeyne; the attendance of the last being prevented by sickness. And the degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. Oliver Ayer, and the Rev. — Whitman.

It would be injustice to say any thing to depreciate the merits of any of the candidates; but it may not be improper to notice particularly the performances of Messrs. Mason and Noble, who did honor

to themselves and their preceptors, by the matter of their Orations, and the manner in which they were delivered. The whole enables us to say that they have given well founded hopes to their friends of their future usefulness in life, and evinces the present utility, and promising prospects, of the institution, whose honors they have received.

*New Haven, Sept. 21, 1796.*

#### COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday the 14th inst. the public commencement was celebrated in this city.—At nine o'clock, A. M. the procession moved in the usual manner from College to the Brick Meeting-House.

The solemnities of the day were introduced by prayer, to which succeeded the following exercises.

1. Sacred Music.
2. A salutatory Oration in Latin, by Archibald Basset.
3. A disputation by Brancroft Fowler, Salmon King, and Charles Denison, on this question, "Is a civilized state of society productive of more happiness than a savage state?"
4. An Oration by Gold Selleck Silliman, on the nature and progress of the Mahometan imposture.
5. A Dialogue by Charles Bostwick, David Edmond, John Humphreys, and John Hart Lynde on the comparative advantages of wedlock and celibacy.
6. An Oration by Henry Davis, on the evil consequence of the stage.
7. Sacred Music.

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*Afternoon Exercises.*

1. Sacred Music.
2. A poetical Oration by Benjamin Silliman, on the comparative effects of the different states of society and climate upon the various nations of the world.
3. A humorous Oration by John Hooker, on leading-strings.
4. An Oration by Mr. Jeremiah Atwater, Tutor, on the connexion of the moral and political principles and institution of this country with its national happiness.
5. Degrees conferred.
6. Sacred Music.
7. The exercises concluded by prayer.

*The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on*

Thomas Wells Allis, John Bacon, Archibald Basset, Jonathan Belden, Hez. Belden, Timothy Bishop, Charles Bostwick, James Cante, Elihu Chauncey, Henry Davis, Charles Denison, David Edmund, Thaddeus Fairbanks, Bancroft Fowler, John Hooker, Ruggles Hubbard, John Humphres, William Henry Jones, Salmon King, John Hart Lynde, Thomas Miner, Joseph Parker, William Prince, Levi Robbins, Isaac Seeley, Gold Selleck Silliman, Benjamin Silliman, Elisha Stearns, Asahel Hooker Strong, Fanning

Tracy, John Harvey Tucker, Samuel Porter Williams.

*The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on*

Jeremiah Atwater, Burrage Beach, David S. Boardman, Amasa Porter, Joseph Russell, Ichabod Lord Skinner, Joseph Washburn, William Botsford, Samuel Lathrop John M'Crackan, Joshua Stanton, Jeremiah Mason, John Stoddard, Frederick Woolcot, Seth Samuel Smith, Job Wright of Har. Col.

The Honorary degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. Samuel Blatchford, and on the Hon. Jeremiah Wadsworth, Esq.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on the Hon. Andrew Adams, Esq. Chief Justice of the state.

Rev. Mr. Charles Backus, of Somers is appointed Professor of Divinity.

Messrs Dan Huntington, and Zachariah Lewis, are appointed Tutors.

From an extensive testimony given by the learned and polite audience it is fairly presumed, that at no time have similar exercises been received with a more decided approbation.



### EXTRAORDINARY PROLIFIC POWERS.

THE prolific powers of some individuals among mankind are very extraordinary.—Instances have been found where children, to the number of six, seven, eight, nine, and sometimes sixteen,

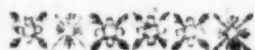
have been brought forth after one pregnancy. The wife of Emmanuel Gago, a laborer near Valladolid, was delivered, the 14th of June, 1779, of five girls; the two first of whom were baptized; the other

other three were born in an hour after; two of them were baptized; but the last, when it came into the world, had every appearance of death. The celebrated Tarfin was brought to bed in the seventh month of her pregnancy, at Argenteuil, near Paris, 17th July, 1779, of three boys, each 14 inches and a half long, and of a girl 13 inches: They were all four baptized, but did not live 24 hours.

The public papers for the month of June, 1779, made mention of one Maria Ruiz, of the district of Lucena, in Andalusia, who was successively delivered of 16 boys, without any girls; and seven of them were still alive on the 17th of August thereafter. The following, though a recent fact, is almost incredible: In the year 1755, a Muscovite peasant, named James Kyrloff, and his wife, were presented to the Empress of Russia. This peasant had been twice married, and was then 70 years of

age. His first wife was brought to bed 21 times; namely, four times of four children each time; seven times of three, and ten times of two; making in all 57 children, who were then alive. His second wife, who accompanied him, had already been delivered seven times, once of three children and six times of twins, which made 15 children for her share. Thus the Muscovite patriarch had already had 72 children by two marriages. We are assured that the sultan Mustapha III. had issue by his concubines 580 male children. What number of female children he had, and whether there were twins of both sexes, we are not informed. These facts suppose great fecundity; and whatever credit is given to them, we must consider as entirely fabulous what is reported concerning a countess of Holland who was delivered of 365 children, of a very small size.

ENCLY.



#### THE FREEMASON.

**C**URIOSITY is always busy about nothing.—A modern writer has allegorically described her to be all ears and eyes, and very justly, indeed, seeing that she is always listening to and prying into the secrets of others.

This evil, it is said, is more prevalent among the ladies, and therefore it is that so many of the sex are averse to their husbands being Freemasons, as their curiosity, which fain would know all the arcana of this society, cannot be satisfied. Several stories have been related about women endeavouring to discover those mysteries.

I supped lately with a Brother whose lady was exceedingly inquisitive to know all.—The husband, in order to keep her in good humour, amused her with the assurance (after she had previously declared that she never would betray him) that all the secret of Freemasonry was, to be silent the first five minutes of every hour, which was the reason that no woman could be admitted, as it was impossible that she could be silent for so long a time. The lady believed this, but was sure there was more, and therefore besought her dear to communicate the rest.

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After much coaxing the husband then told her, that this long silence was to be succeeded with five minutes whistling, which done they were at liberty to employ the remaining fifty minutes according to their pleasure.

Some short time before supper a disagreement took place, between this loving pair. As far as I could understand, our company were inconvenient to the lady, who wished to have had this day entirely devoted to domestic business: But our Brother who was always happy to entertain his friends, was thus disposed to-night, and determined that the washing, or any thing else, should be deferred, rather than his company be sent supperless away. However, the lady's displeasure was evident—particularly as her husband not only insisted that a supper should be provided, but that she should also preside as usual at table. This added to her chagrin, and she assured her husband that he should heartily repent it.

When the supper was brought on the table, she endeavoured, but in vain, to disguise her anger—the hypocritical smiles always betrays itself:—Our friend, however, was one of those prudent husbands who always leave their wives when angered to come to themselves: Thus it was to night and we, in compliment to our Brother, took no notice of her discontent. When the cloth was removed, and the wine placed on the table, the lady began to talk, this being what she was very fond of; however, upon the clock's striking she was suddenly struck dumb—we drank her health—no reply. Her Husband spoke to her—in vain. We enquired if any thing was the matter—but to no

purpose—her taciturnity continued to our great astonishment. Her husband, I believe, began to suspect her design, as he pretended uneasiness, and was every now and then crying to her—"Molly, you had better speak, don't make a fool of yourself."—No menace, however, could prevail on her to open her mouth till, looking at her watch, she all of a sudden broke out in a loud whistle, cracking her fingers, and grinning at her husband with no little exultation. This uncouth behaviour created no little astonishment among the guests, who were unacquainted with its origin. At last madam exclaimed, "There's the secret for you.—A woman may be a Freemason you see, and you shall make me one in spite of your teeth."—"A woman may not," rejoined the husband, "seeing upon every trivial occasion she is inclined to blab. An explanation followed, attended with a loud laugh, which when madam found was at her own expense, she withdrew from the table under the greatest mortification.

Women, it is said derive their curiosity, from the first begotten of their sex.—It was Eve's curiosity, which no doubt was the fall of man. She was desirous to know the taste of the forbidden apple, and though sin and death were the consequence, yet fatal curiosity prevailed.

The scripture gives us another example of female curiosity, with a most extraordinary punishment; so that, in order to avoid the divers evils of curiosity, we are exhorted in holy writ, to "Remember Lot's wife!" Alas! if every curious lady were now in danger of being turned into a pillar of salt, instead of selling this commodity

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we should then be very glad to give it away—nor do I believe that this would have any effect; the *causethes videndi et audiendi* is so predominant that it can never be cured.

To female curiosity the trash of modern novels is solely indebted for a short lived existence. It is remarked that, when a lady takes a volume in her hand, no matter how ill told the tale, how harsh the language, how unnatural the plot, yet she must know the fate of the hero—she must come to the *denouement*, though five more volumes are to be read for this. Did not curiosity thus urge our female readers to explore those dull insipid volumes of farrago, the circulating libraries would have no occasion for them.

To want curiosity is said to be as bad as to possess too much. Had the Trojans been more curious and less credulous, they would have examined the wooden horse in time, and, having justly destroyed the bowels, sent it back again to

their enemy. Curiosity is on some occasions praise-worthy, and absolutely necessary. It is laudable in all charitable cases, and fitting in the time of war or danger.

Let it not be thought that I attribute curiosity entirely to the fair—I am conscious that there are many of our own sex who neglect their own business to pry into that of others. How many busy-bodies are there whose curiosity renders them both officious and troublesome. But that curiosity which prevails most with mankind is their political anxiety to know what the news is. This induces the hair dresser to let his curling tongs cool while a casual visitor is reporting the gazette.—This makes the taylor lay down the sleeve of a coat which is making in a great hurry for a newspaper. In short, this curiosity about state affairs has tempted many a man to neglect his immediate business, and listen to matters totally out of his sphere, and which do not in the least concern him.



#### MEMOIRS OF THE LATE RICHARD PRICE, D. D. L. L. D.

**T**HE Reverend Richard Price, D. D. L. L. D. fellow of the Royal Society of London, and of the Academy of Sciences, in New England, was born at Tynton, in Glamorganshire, Feb. 22, 1723. His father was a dissenting minister at Bridgend, in that county, and died in 1739. At eight years old he was placed under a Mr. Simmons, of Neath; and in four years removed to Pentwyn, in Caermarthenshire, under the Rev. Samuel Jones, whom he represented as a man of a very enlarged

mind, and who first inspired him with liberal sentiments of religion. Having lived as long with him as with Mr. Simmons, he was sent to Mr. Griffith's academy at Talgarth in Breconshire. In 1740 he lost his mother; and on this he quitted the academy and came to London. Here he was settled at that academy, of which Mr. Eames was the principal tutor, under the patronage of his uncle the Rev. S. Price, who was copastor with Dr. Watts upwards of 40 years. At the end of four years he left this academy,



academy, and resided with Mr. Streatfield, of Stoke Newington, in the quality of domestic chaplain, while at the same time he regularly assisted Dr. Chandler at the Old Jewry, and occasionally assisted others. Having lived with Mr. Streatfield near 13 years, on his death and his uncle's he was induced to change his situation, and in 1757 married Miss S. Blundell of Leicestershire. He then settled at Hackney, but being shortly after chosen minister at Newington Green, he lived there until the death of his wife, which was in 1786, when he returned to Hackney. He was next chosen afternoon-preacher at the meeting-house in Poor Jury-street, but this he resigned on being elected pastor of the Gravel-pit meeting Hackney, and afternoon-preacher at Newington Green. These he resigned with a farewell-sermon in February 1791. Shortly after he was attacked with a nervous fever, which disappearing was succeeded by a disorder in his bladder, which reduced him to such a degree that, worn out with agony and disease, he died without a groan on the 19th April 1791. He left his property to a sister and two nephews.

Dr. Kippis, speaking of his learning and pursuits, observes, that "his chief aim was to lay a foundation for solid knowledge, by an application to sciences of the noblest kind. It was on the great and fundamental principles and obligations of morality, on the higher species of mathematics, or the sublimer parts of natural philosophy, on the true basis of government, and on the questions which relate to the essential welfare and dignity of man, that his studies were employed;

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and in the prosecution of these studies he not only enriched his own mind, but was enabled to become of eminent service to his country and to the world. In his moral writings he has laboured with distinguished ability to build the science of ethics on an immutable basis; and what he has advanced will always stand high in estimation as one of the strongest efforts of human reason in favour of the system he has adopted.—For myself (adds Dr. Kippis,) I scruple not to say, that I regard the treatise referred to as a rich treasure of valuable information, and as deserving to be ranked among the first productions of its kind. With respect to his other ethical works, every one must admire the zeal, earnestness, and strength, with which he endeavours to lead men into pious views of God, of providence and prayer; and to promote the exercise of devout and amiable dispositions.—In consequence of his profound knowledge in mathematical calculations, he was qualified at a particular crisis for being of singular utility to his fellow citizens. A number of schemes for insurance for lives, and the benefit of survivorship, promising mighty advantages, were rising up in the metropolis. These ruinous schemes, would have been carried to great excess had not Dr. Price stepped forward and dispelled the delusion. Gratitude will not allow us to forget the ability and spirit with which he awakened the attention of his countrymen to the reduction of the national debt.—With him it was that the scheme of the present minister for that purpose is understood to have originated. What crowned the whole of his character, was its be-

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ing an assemblage of the most amiable and excellent private virtues. His piety was sincere, humble, & fervent; his soul pure and elevated; in his views disinterested and noble; and in his manners mild and gentle: The applause of his talents and virtues will be transmitted to future ages, and he will be united in the catalogue with the most eminent benefactors of mankind."

This is the panegyric of a friend—but with few abatements it will be admitted by every candid reader. In morals Dr. Price's principles were those of Cudworth and Clarke; and by many who have themselves adopted a very different theory, he is allowed to have defended those principles with greater ability than any other writer in the English language. In metaphysics he was perhaps too great an admirer of Plato, from whom he has borrowed a doctrine concerning ideas which we confess ourselves unable to comprehend. He was a firm believer in the immateriality of the soul: but, with Dr. Law, the late learned bishop of Carlisle, he thought, that from death to the resurrection of the body it remains in a dormant or quiescent state. He contended for its indivisibility, but maintained at the same time its extension; which furnished Dr. Priestley with some advantages in their celebrated controversy, which his own acuteness would never have obtained. In propagating his political principles, which were republican, he sometimes expressed himself with undue vehemence; and he was a zealous enemy to all religious establishments which, in his opinion, encroach upon that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. His faith respecting the

Son of God was what has been called sometimes *low Arianism* and sometimes *Semi arianism*. From a very early age he claimed the privilege of thinking for himself on every subject. His father was a rigid Calvinist, and spared no pains to instil his own theological dogmas into the tender mind of his son; but young Richard would often start his doubts and difficulties, and sometimes incur the old man's displeasure by arguing against his favourite system with an ingenuity that perplexed, and a solidity that could not be easily overturned. He had once the misfortune to be caught reading a volume of Clark's sermons, which his father in great wrath snatched from him and threw into the fire. Perhaps he could not have taken a more effectual method to make the book a favourite, or to excite the young man's curiosity after the other works of the same author; and it is by no means improbable that this orthodoxy bigotry contributed more than any other circumstance to lay the foundation of his son's Arianism.

But whatever may be thought of Dr. Price's speculative opinions, whether political or religious, his virtues in private life have never been called in question. Of his practical religion it is impossible to speak in terms too high. There was a fervour even in his public prayers which indicated the strongest sensibility as well as sincerity in himself, and communicated its warmth to those who joined with him. But in his family devotions he gave still fuller scope to the pious emotions of his soul, and proved to those friends who were occasionally present at them how deeply he felt religious impressions, and how happily



happily he blended in this as well as in other things the cool decisions of the understanding with the amiable and exalted sensibilities of the heart.

But it was not in devotion only that these sensibilities were displayed. He was as exemplary in affection to his relatives as in love to his Maker. Of this he gave a striking though private instance before he first quitted his native place to try his fortune in London. His father had left to an elder brother by a former marriage a very considerable fortune; to Richard he left a mere trifle; and to each of two sisters still less.—our author divided his share between his sisters, reserving to himself only a few pounds to defray the expences of his journey, and trusting for his future support to the blessing of God upon his talents and his industry. As in early life he was an affectionate and generous brother, in old age he was a loving and attentive husband. His wife, who for a considerable time before his death was almost wholly helpless, found during the last three years of her life hardly any enjoyment except in a game at whist; and though our Doctor disliked cards as a waste of time, and never touched them on any other occasion, to amuse her he would sit down every evening to the card-table, and play till it was late, with a cheerfulness and good humour which charmed every person who had the happiness of viewing him in that endearing situation.

Yet, though thus attentive to the obligations of domestic life, he did not suffer his private affections to encroach upon his social duties. His talents and his labours were ever ready at the call

of friendship; nay, so much did his nature abound with the milk of human kindness, that he could not resist without extreme reluctance even troublesome and unreasonable solicitations. His hours of study and retirement were frequently broken in upon by application for assistance and advice, especially matters relating to annuities and life insurances; and in this way he sacrificed much of his personal convenience to individuals of whom he knew but little, and from whom he would accept of no pecuniary recompense. His good nature in this respect amounted almost to a foible; and subjected him to importunities and loss of time, of which he would sometimes complain as interfering materially with more important and more generally useful studies.

Whilst he thus obliged the rich by his mental talents, he succoured the poor with his earthly substance. A fifth part of his annual income was regularly devoted to charitable purposes; and he was laudably anxious to distribute it in such a way as might produce the greatest good. In the practice of this, and indeed of all his virtues, he was utterly devoid of ostentation. Simplicity and humility were among the strong features of his character. No man was ever less sensible of his own excellence, or less elated by his own celebrity; and in no man was the dignity of artless manners and unaffected modesty more happily displayed.

His face was the true index of his mind. It beamed with philanthropy; and when lighted up in conversation with his friends, assumed an aspect peculiarly pleasing. His person was slender, and rather

rather below the common size, but possessed of great muscular strength and remarkable activity. A habit of deep thought had given a stoop to his figure, and he generally walked a brisk pace with his eyes on the ground, his coat buttoned, one hand in his pocket, and the other swinging by his side.

It is natural to suppose that such a man as Dr. Price, some of whose writings were translated into foreign languages, would be very generally respected in the republic of letters, and have many correspondents. The supposition is well founded. In 1763 or 1764, he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society, and contributed largely to the transactions of that learned body; in 1769 he received from Aberdeen a diploma creating him D. D. and in 1783 the degree of L. I. D. was conferred upon him by the college of Yale in Connecticut. As in 1770 he had refused an American degree which had been conveyed to him by Dr. Franklin, his acceptance of one 13 years afterwards can be attributed only to his very great regard for a republican form of government; which was a peculiar trait strong in his character, and shows what attachments the vigorous mind will imbibe by thinking always on the same subjects, and in the same track. Among his correspondents the most eminent in his own country, were the late Lord Chatham, Lord Stanhope, Lord Lansdowne, the late Bishops of Carlisle and St. Asaph, and the present bishop of Landaff; Mr. Hume, Mr. Harris of Salisbury, Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, and the celebrated Mr. Howard, who lived with him on terms of the greatest intimacy; — in America he corresponded

with Dr. Franklin, Dr. Chauncey, Mr. Adams, and others; and in France with the celebrated Turgot, the Duke de Rochefoucault, and several of the first national assembly. One of his female correspondents sketched his character with great justness many years ago under the fictitious but well applied name of *Simplicius*; and with this character we shall close these short memoirs.

“While the vain man is painfully striving to outshine the company and to attract the admiration by false wit, forced compliments, and studied graces, he must surely be mortified to observe how constantly *Simplicius* engages their attention, respect, and complacency, without having once thought of himself as a person of any consequence among them. *Simplicius* imparts his superior knowledge, when called upon, as easily and naturally as he would tell you what it is o'clock; and with the same readiness and good will informs the most ignorant of confers with the most learned. He is as willing to receive information as to give it, and to join the company, as far as he is able, in the most trifling conversation into which they may happen to fall as in the most serious and sublime. If he disputes, it is with as much candour on the most important and interesting as on the most insignificant subjects; and he is not less patient in hearing than in answering his antagonist. If you talk to him of himself or his works, he accepts praise or acknowledges defects with equal meekness, and it is impossible to suspect him of affectation in either. We are more obliged by the plain unexaggerated expressions of his regard, than by the compliments and attentions of



of the most accomplished pattern of high breeding; because his benevolence and sincerity are so strongly marked in every look, word, and action, that we are convinced his civilities are offered for our sakes, not for his own, and are the natural effects of real kindness, not the studied ornaments of behaviour. Every one is desirous to show him kindness in return, which we know will be accepted just as it is meant. All are ready to pay him that deference which he does not desire, and to give him credit for more than he assumes, or even more than he possesses. With a person ungraceful, and with manners unpolished by the world, his behaviour is always proper, easy, and respectable; as free from constraint and servility in the highest company, as from haughtiness and insolence in the the lowest. His dignity arises from his humility; and the sweetness, gentleness and frankness of his manners from the real goodness and rectitude of his heart, which lies open to inspection in all the fearlessness of truth, without any need of disguise or ornament."

Such was Dr. Price.—Of his public principles men will think differently; of his private worth, there can be but one opinion. He will live in the memory of his friends till memory has lost her power. To posterity his works will be his monument. They are: A Review of the Principal questions and difficulties in Morals, 8vo, 1758; Dissertations on Providence, &c. 8vo, 1767; Observations on Reversionary Payments, &c. 8vo, 1771; Appeal on the National Debt, &c. 8vo, 1773; Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, 1776; on Materialism and Necessity, in a correspondence between Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley, 1779; on Annuities, Assurances, Population, &c. 8vo, 1779; on the Population of England, 1780; on the Public Debts, Finances, Loans, &c. 8vo, 1783; on Reversionary Payments, 2 vols. 1783; on the Importance of the American Revolution, 1784: Besides Sermons, and a variety of papers in the Philosophical Transactions on astronomical and other philosophical subjects.

*Encyclopædia.*



#### ON THE MISERIES OF WAR.

*The following very affecting history exemplifying one of the countless miseries of war, is extracted from Mrs. Robinson's very interesting and well written novel of Anselina.*

"**L**AST Christmas eve, said he, my wife fell ill; and after many struggles with her disorder, was at last confined to her bed, beyond the hope of recovery. My boy attended his mother by night and by day. Her illness, however baffled all his care, and she wast-

ed hour by hour, till she was as slender, your honour, as a shadow."

"Had she no medical advice," said I. "Yes, your honor," replied he; "Mr. Lloyd, our curate, who is learned in physic, as well as divinity, came twice a day to

to see her, but all would not do; she was so changed we could scarcely believe it was the same person. She was as pale as a corpse, your honor, and as feeble as an infant."

Here the full heart bid the tongue pause, while the fine essence of sensibility rushed into the eyes. In a few moments he continued his narrative.

"May day in the morning, I never shall forget it, as we sat by her bed side, I beheld through our little casement all the villagers crowding to make merry.—They sung and danced along; every heart was full of gladness except mine and my poor boy's; he looked upon his mother, then on me, and then taking her by the hand, he kissed it. Mother, said he, I remember how merry you used to be on this day. You sung like the lark and was up as early too."

"I shall never sing again," said said she: "Heaven's will be done!" She then turned her head upon the pillow, and we were all silent.

"We were roused by the pipe and tabor, which were carried before the dancing villagers. "God bless them, said my wife—I envy not their happiness!—This is a world of affliction!" She sighed deeply, your honor, as though the soul was departing from the body.

"Soon after she fell into a profound sleep, and did not wake for three hours. When she thought herself refreshed and better, she complained of hunger, and fancied that a new laid egg would nourish her.

"You have one, if I die for it, said her son; and without waiting even for her answer, he ran to the village. All the shops were shut on account of the holiday. On

entering the kitchen of the White Lion, the landlord enquired after my wife, and gave him the eggs with hearty wishes for her recovery.

"Is thy mother sick, my lad? said a stranger who sat smoking his pipe near the window—'here,' continued he, 'take her a pint of wine, it will do her good.'

"My boy took the shilling from the stranger's hand, and having purchased the wine, was joyfully preparing to return.

"The landlord will send thy liquor, my lad," said the stranger, "but thou must serve the king." The man-trappers rushed in, and they forced him away, your honour, in spite of all his entreaties to take a last farewell of his dying mother.

"One of Mr. Lloyd's sons came to tell me the sad news. He opened the door and beckoned me to come out. My mind misgave me."

"Make haste with the story," said I, for to speak honestly, my heart had caught the contagious sorrow and was beginning to discover its weakness.

"Well, your honor, then came Mr. Lloyd, and he broke the sad story to my wife."

"And what followed," said I, with earnest impatience: "I hope she did not suffer much."

"Not much, your honor, for that night she expired in my arms, calling on her poor son, and praying for his safety.

"On the next Sunday, I followed her to yonder church-yard, where I hope, when it shall please God, to rest forever."

"Insatiable ambition," said I, "these are thy ravages! Thus to augment the power of a few individuals, thousands and tens of thousands perish unregarded."

GEN.



## GENERAL GATES.

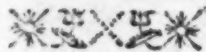
*Extracted from the genuine letter of an Officer.*

**A**N old soldier of the royal regiment of artillery, who served me while the 18th regiment was at Fort Pitt and the Illinois, on our return from that country to Philadelphia, in 1772, came to me, with a happy smile on his countenance, and told me he had the honour to receive a letter from Maj. Gates, and begged of me to read it. I asked him how he came to correspond with Maj. Gates. Please your honour, says the old man, Maj. Gates was dangerously wounded at Braddock's defeat, and was left among the slain; I was wounded also, but made a shift to carry the worthy Capt. Gates (he was then a captain) off the field. He has often told me since, that he owed his life to me, and charged me at parting, that whenever I thought he could in any instance serve me, to write him without reserve; so, please your honour (this is a soldier's dialect to all officers) I am now grown old, and worn out in the service, and expect soon to be invalided and sent home; but I have been long in America, and I like America, please your honour; I accordingly took the liberty to write to Maj. Gates for his advice and this is his answer.

He has also wrote to Maj. Hay, to give me every indulgence the service will admit of. I hope your honour will give me your opinion what is best to be done. I read the letter, but had not read far before I was sensibly touched with the sentiments of the writer.

After re-capitulating the service the veteran had rendered him at Braddock's Field, he says, 'Do,

as you please respecting your small pittance of pension. Thou hast served long, but thy service has not brought thee rest for thy wounds and infirmities. I find by your letter that you wish to continue in America, therefore make yourself easy; when you receive your discharge, repair to my plantation on Potomak river. I have got a fine tract of land here, which not only furnishes me with all the necessaries, but all the comforts of life; come rest your firelock in my chimney corner, and partake of them; while I have, my saviour PENFOLD, shall not want; and it is my wish, as well as Mrs. Gates's, to see you spend the evening of your life comfortably. Mrs. Gates desires to be affectionately remembered to you."



## MAGNETIC ATLAS.

PARIS, JUNE 1.

**A** CITIZEN of Philadelphia hath addressed to the late convention a new work in quarto, entitled the Magnetic Atlas, or variation charts of the whole terraqueous globe, comprising a system of the variation and dip of the needle; by which the observation being truly made, the longitude may be ascertained. The convention willing to encourage useful labours, sent the said work to the committee of public instruction, who sent it to the Bureau des Longitudes, and the following report was written on a leaf of the book:

"The

"The Bureau des Longitudes are of opinion, that this work merits attention; the author hath established, upon many observations that the two magnetic points turn round the poles of the earth. He has assigned the length of their movements, by means of which we are able to calculate the variation of the needle for any place whatsoever, and thereby know the longitude, but this requires yet more good observations.

*Brumaire 1st year the 4th.*

Signed LALANDE,  
Secretary to the Bureau."

In consequence whereof the committee have agreed,

1st. That he work shall be sent to the national library.

2d. That the register of the committee make honourable mention of the importance of the discovery of Citizen Churchman, inviting him to continue his observations.

3d. That an extract of the present report, containing the judgment of the Bureau des Longitudes shall be sent to Citizen Churchman, whom the quality of citizen of a friendly nation inspire a new degree of interest.

Signed,

—Plachare Gilbar,  
Baraillon, Fourcroy, Gregoire,  
Mercier, Lanthenas, Wandelain.  
court.

XXXXXX

*Descartes Defended by La'ande.*

To the Editor of the Journal of  
Paris. College of France, 6th  
Prairial.

**M**EN of letters indignant at the  
speech of Citizen Mercier

(one of the council of five hundred, who opposed the motion for depositing the ashes of Descartes in the Pantheon) against Descartes have written against Mercier, but they have not yet written for Descartes. Give me room for two sentences in the name of the universe and of posterity.

Descartes is one of those creative geniuses that do honour to his age and country; he first took into contemplation the *ensemble* of the universe in order to discover its mechanism, and explain its formation and motions; he is the first who comprehended the principles and effects of matter and motion; he applied them to the heavens and to the earth, to man and to animals he first had those philosophical ideas to which Bacon could not aspire for want of knowledge of geometry.

Descartes is also inventor in matematics by the application of algebra to geometry; he opened a new career, which Newton entered; but Newton had rivals in the discovery of the calculation of infinities and the law of attraction; and Descartes had none in his.

These two data would be susceptible of a lengthy development; but those who are acquainted with the history of sciences need them not, and those ignorant of it could not understand me. It is enough that I have hinted at the motives of the universal indignation which the injury done publicly to the greatest man France ever produced, has excited throughout the whole republic.

LALANDE.

PO.



## POETICAL ESSAYS.

## THE HAPPY VILLAGER.

*From Solyman and Almena. — (SEE P. 435.)*

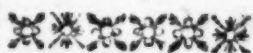
**V**IRTUE dwells in Arden's vale :  
 There her hallowed temples  
     rise,  
 There her incense greets the  
     skies,  
 Grateful as the morning gale !  
 There, with humble peace, and  
     her,  
 Lives the happy villager ;  
 There the golden smiles of morn  
 Brighter every field adorn ;  
 There the sun's declining ray  
 Fairer paints the parting day :  
 There the wood lark louder sings,  
 Zephyr moves on softer wings,  
 Groves in greener honours rise,  
 Purer azure spreads the skies,  
 There the fountains clearer flow,  
 Flowers in brighter beauty  
     blow ;  
 For, with peace, and virtue,  
     there  
 Lives the happy villager.

Distant still from Arden's vale  
 Are the woes of bad bewail ;  
 Distant fell remorse and pain,  
 And phrenzy smiling o'er her  
     chain !

Grief's quick pang, despairs  
     dead groan,  
 Are in Arden's vale unknown :  
 For, with peace and virtue there  
 Lives the happy villager.

In his hospitable cell,  
 Love, and truth, and freedom  
     dwell ;  
 And, with aspect mild and free,  
 The graceful nymph, simplicity.

Hail, ye lib'ral graces, hail !  
 Natives all of Arden's vale :  
 For, with peace and virtue there  
 Dwel't the happy villager.



*On a very OLD BACHELOR,  
 who met with an angry repulse  
 on attempting to snatch a kiss from  
 a YOUNG LADY.*

**H**OW could you thus with  
     wasted flame,  
 Perfume t' approach this lovely  
     dame,  
 While eyes that beam, and cheeks  
     that glow,  
 Would melt a mountain made of  
     snow.

She near her high meridian shines,  
 Your planet to the dust declines,  
 VOL. II

You are a star eclips'd—and she,  
 A sun in noon-tide majesty.  
 Attracted by her heaven of charms,  
 You rush'd unthinking to her arms;  
 But she while you essay'd all bliss,  
 Repuls'd you and denied a kiss.

Thus, comets in the voids of space,  
 Enamour'd with the sun's bright  
     face,  
 From icy tracks with growing  
     force,  
 To his gay orb direct their course.  
 Advanc'd almost to touch that  
     sphere,  
 It finds it must not come too near,  
 Re-

Repell'd, against it lingering flies,  
To lonely wastes and vacant skies.

When nature said, 'Tis time to love,  
Why did you not that time im-  
prove,

Not wait till years bade you de-  
plore

The feelings that are found no  
more?

Now days are dark—no sprightly  
dames

Endure to meet your dying flames,  
CELIA has all her charms with-  
drawn,

Your Hymen is a skeleton!

No prattlers at your door I see,  
No baby nymphs to climb your  
knee,

No girl, dull moment to employ,  
Divide your grief, or share your  
joy.

Old widowed cats your hearth a-  
dorn,

Or pupies with an eye forlorn;  
Dull hags, that add to wither'd  
face,

Extinguish'd love, and groans of  
grace.

When you to ball or dance repair,  
The young ones fret to meet you  
there;

In you with girls behold with  
rage,  
The spectre of some other age.

The pulse that beat in prime of  
days,

No longer in your bosom plays;  
Ere you gain that pulse shall have  
First you must die—then pass the  
grave.

Ah, haste away—and quit the  
chace,

Celia for you has no embrace:

She longs to meet some darling  
boy,

Not with a ghost to kiss and toy.



### MASONIC SONG.

#### I.

THUS happily met, united and  
free,

A foretaste of heaven we prove;  
Then join heart and hand, and  
firmly agree,

To cultivate brotherly love.

#### II.

With corn, wine, and oil, our ta-  
ble replete,

The altar of friendship divine;  
Each virtue and grace, the circle  
complete,

With aid of the musical nine.

#### III.

Thus blest, and thus blessing, em-  
ployment supreme!

May masonry daily increase,  
Its grand scheme of morals, our  
fav'rite theme,

The source of contentment and  
peace.



### THE DEAD ALIVE.

#### A TRUE STORY.

There is some good points in the fol-  
lowing humorous story—read and  
feel.

A JOVIAL fellow, full of  
spunk,

The other day, by chance got  
drunk—

His friend, who was a knowing  
crony,

Wish'd to convert him into mon-  
ey;

So putting him into a sack,  
He carried him upon his back

Unto



Unto a surgeon of great fame,  
 And for two guineas sold the same. "It is no matter," said the Ven-  
 The bargain closed; the corpse der,  
 began "You buy the body that I render,  
 To groan, just like a living man! "And therefore set your heart at  
 "Ho!" cried the surgeon, "What ease.  
 is here, "For you can kill him when you  
 "The DEAD is NOW ALIVE I please."



## E P I G R A M.

WHILE the doctor abroad with his industrious skill,  
 Deals death with a liberal hand,  
 And with his prescriptions vast numbers doth kill,  
 Like a famine, or plague in the land—  
 His industrious wife, (lest a visible dearth,  
 Of our race by such means should appear,)  
 By the help of her neighbours re-peoples the earth,  
 And atones for the crimes of her dear.



## SATIRICAL EPITAPH.—BY MR. POPE.

*To the Memory of SIGNIOR FIDO,*  
 AN Italian of good extraction;  
 Who came into England,  
 Not to bite us, like most of his countrymen,  
 But to gain an honest livelihood.  
 He hunted not after fame,  
 Yet acquir'd it;  
 Regardless of the praise of his friends,  
 But most sensible of their love,  
 Though he liv'd amongst the great,  
 He neither learn'd nor flatter'd any vice.  
 He was no bigot,  
 Though he doubted of none of the 39 articles,  
 And, if to follow nature,  
 And to respect the laws of society,  
 Be philosophy,  
 He was a perfect philosopher,  
 A faithful friend,  
 An agreeable companion,  
 A loving husband,  
 Distinguish'd by a numerous offspring,  
 All which he liv'd to see take good courses,  
 In his old age he retired

To

To the house of a Clergyman in the country,  
Where he finished his earthly race,  
And died an honour and an example to the whole species.

Reader,

This Stone is guiltless of flattery ;  
For he to whom it is inscrib'd

Was not a Man,

But a

GREY-HOUND.



EPICRAM, on a young Lady's marrying with an old Man.

SINCE thou must needs, bewitch'd with some ill charms,  
Be buried in those monumental arms,  
All we can wish is, may that earth lie light  
Upon thy tender limbs, and so good night.

Young Strephon ravish'd by a smile,  
From Chloë in a public place,  
Exclaim'd in a theatrick stile,  
"Nature ne'er form'd so fair a face ;"  
By chance the fool was in the right,  
'Twas patches, paint and candle light.

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